

# The ROTARIAN

AN INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE ADVANCEMENT OF THE IDEAL OF SERVICE AND ITS APPLICATION TO PERSONAL, BUSINESS, COMMUNITY, AND INTERNATIONAL LIFE

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## Contents for February, 1936

ROTARY WORKS FOR THE FUTURE.....	Paul Baillo	5
A Swiss Rotarian weighs the movement, envisages a greater service for humanity.		
SCENES SHIFT: THE PLAY GOES ON!.....	Bruce Barton	6
Reflections on the Mississippi Scheme, true wealth, and the real significance of shaving.		
TRIFLES THAT MURDER SLEEP.....	Donald A. Laird	9
Broken slumber saps personal efficiency; but the remedy may be as simple as its cause.		
A SON OF HEAVEN.....	Irving Bacheller	13
An apocryphal tale of the Great Emancipator, whose birth anniversary is in this month.		
A HISTORIAN LOOKS AT ROTARY.....	Mark Sullivan	16
Presenting "an outsider's viewpoint" on factors that favored Paul Harris' experiment.		
AS THE GREATEST ONLY ARE.....	Channing Pollock	18
What gives stature to men? Hardly wealth or fame, for the eminent are the most humble.		
A NEW NATION IS BORN.....	Carlos P. Romulo	21
A Filipino tells of neighborliness—the spirit that brought independence to his people.		
THE CHALLENGE: MORE WORKERS THAN JOBS.....	Albin E. Johnson	23
Post-war years have seen the emergence of a new social problem—chronic unemployment.		
MRS. SMITH ON 'SERVICE'.....	Evelyn T. Emmett	26
An Australian Rotarian tells of a very good impulse that was—or was not—overworked.		
JOBS BEHIND THE NEWS.....	Walter B. Pitkin	30
The world reads its newspaper and "ho-hums," overlooking opportunities back of headlines.		
SILKS RUSTLE IN WILLIAMSBURG AGAIN.....	Leland D. Case	32
Virginia's colonial capital rises from its ashes and the debris of forgetful generations.		
THREE VIEWS ON MOVIES AND THE PUBLIC.....		
Diverse opinions on the effect of the silver screen, and its proper place in society today.		
1. EFFECTS ON THE WORLD'S CHILDREN .....	Dr. Luciano de Feo	37
2. A CANDID ASSAY FROM AN AMERICAN .....	Arthur W. Bailey	39
3. THE POSITION OF THE FILM PRODUCER .....	Ned E. Depinet	42

### Other Features and Departments —

Our Readers' Open Forum (2 and 51); Frontispiece — *Abraham Lincoln, An Etching by Otto Schneider* (4); Editorial Comment (28); *Not for the Faint-Hearted!* (skiing) by Ken Binns (45); Rotary Hourglass (46); Rotary Around the World (48); The Hobbyhorse Hitching Post (52); The Rotarian Almanack (58); Helps for the Club Program Makers (62); Chats on Contributors (64).

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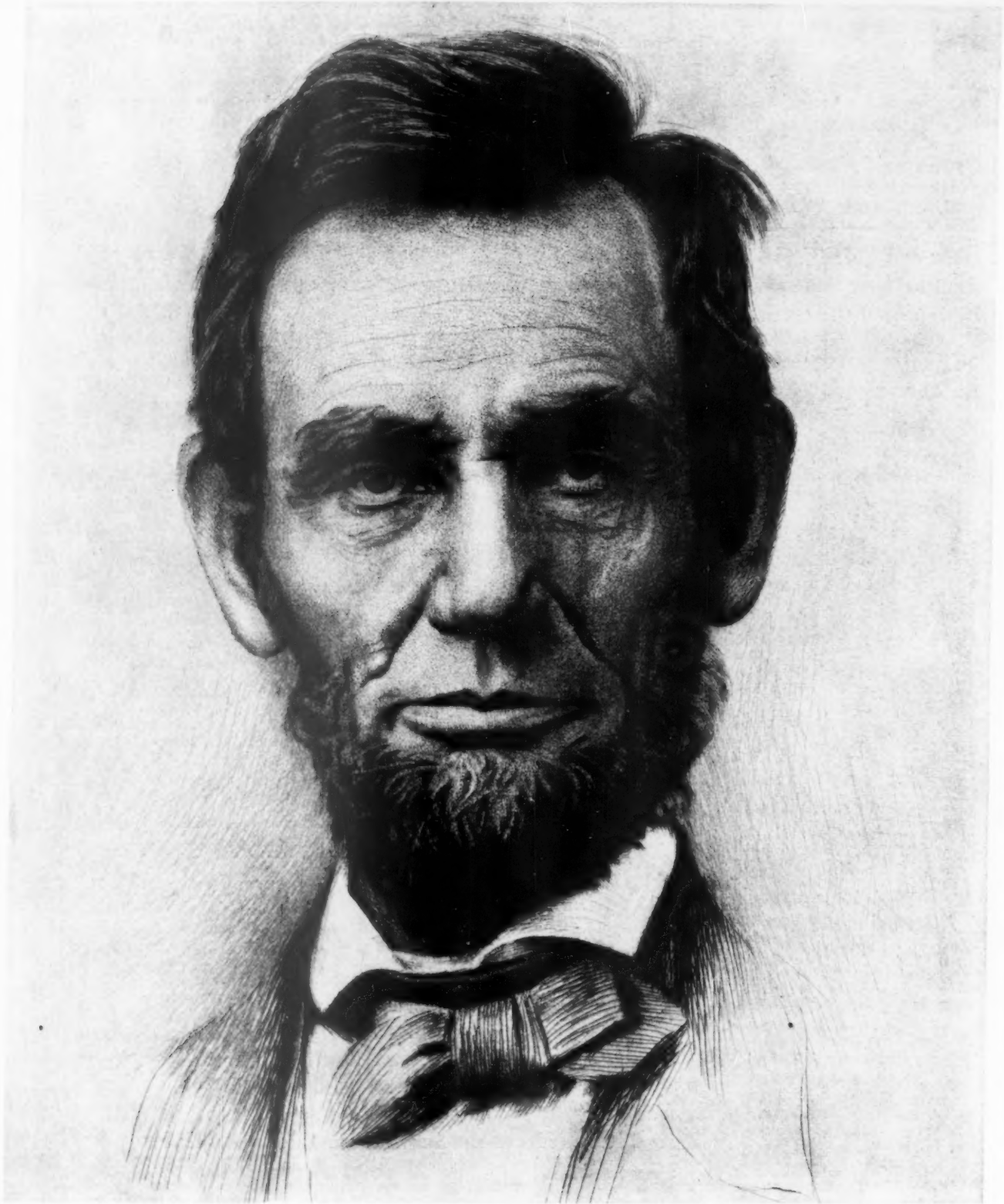
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**Abraham Lincoln . . . . .** *An Etching by Otto Schneider*

**W**ITH malice toward none; with charity for all; with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds, to care for him who shall have

borne the battle, and for his widow and orphan—to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations.—*From the Second Inaugural Address, Washington, D. C., March 4, 1865.*

# Rotary Works for the Future

By Paul Baillod

*Swiss Lawyer and Rotarian*

**A**LL European countries are smitten by the same ills. Though under different political regimes, which sometimes are the direct opposite of one another, these nations have committed the same faults and bear the same consequences. Thus, they sometimes fight one another with tariffs and other economic barriers in a way infinitely more dangerous than armed combat. It is no exaggeration to say that the peoples of Europe live economically on a war footing and that towards one another they practice a hunger blockade.

If we are to avert actual war, a war which this time would not merely weaken Europe, but which would ruin it definitely, we must proceed to make the necessary adjustments not only within each country, but also between countries. And it is in this immense and magnificent task that I see the mission of Rotary.

Actually Rotary is better placed than any other organization to understand the needs of each people and, above all the barriers, whether political, professional, racial, or economic, to cement the friendship of business and professional men of the various nations of the earth.

The Rotarian is a patriot. Rotary has no place for the man who does not love his country. A Rotary Club should be the chief dwelling place for the community spirit of its city. And membership in a Rotary Club should be a stimulation of its members to a more active participation in the life of their community. Everywhere, and frequently in diverse forms, our clubs have endeavored to carry out their objects. They have tried to do this with discretion so as not to create a competing organization where there already exists an institution which is meeting the need.

Rotary, characteristically, works for the future, which often means aid for youth, the humanity of tomorrow. When I think of youth I am seized with a feeling of immense pity and of deep shame. Pity, when I make the inventory of the poor heritage which we of today are leaving. Shame, that after 19 centuries of Christianity, at a time when man has conquered the air, captured the currents, dominated

What can the business man today do to assure to his successor of tomorrow those prime essentials: a tranquil mind and daily bread?

the elements, he has been incapable of assuring to his descendants the two essential possessions, tranquillity of mind and daily bread.

To youth, which already judges us, and sometimes despises us, let us, at least, bring in compensation that which is best in our society—that spirit of good understanding and that desire to serve which dissipate misunderstanding and permit a union which creates strength and renews energy.

The task we face is enormous, but Rotary is fitted to prepare the way for its ultimate accomplishment. Its 3,900 clubs are so many links in a great pacific chain, encircling not only Europe, but the entire earth. In each, all questions are approached and dealt with in a friendly, objective, and frank spirit. The clubs, by their relations across frontiers, create repeated contacts between eminent business men in neighboring countries, and conferences, such as our international conventions, perform the same rôle on a greater basis.

**E**VERYWHERE, Rotary multiplies its relations, throws bridges, plays the rôle of hyphen. Everywhere it helps spread the message of peace on earth and goodwill to men. We have been sowing but a few years and yet already a harvest springs up. Rotary is a stranger neither to a French-Italian rapprochement nor to a state of peace between Paraguay and Bolivia. Such characteristic facts are precious encouragement since they demonstrate the worth of our great Fourth Object.

Even if a blind nationalism condemns to defeat our efforts at reconciling peoples, we should nevertheless persevere in our tasks, for in our innermost hearts we have a conviction that we work for the good of our fatherlands and also for the good of the whole of humanity. And when one works under such an impulse, it is, in the words of William of Orange, that Prince of the well-tempered heart, "not necessary to hope in order to undertake, nor to succeed in order to persevere."



# Scenes Shift: The Play Goes On!

By Bruce Barton

*Advertising Agency Executive, Author*

**E**VERY year brings the announcement of new models in automobiles, new and better radios, new ingenuities of service in hotels and railroads, new buildings, new and bigger this and that. We "moderns" have never stopped long enough to look back, nor lost the childlike faith that somehow tomorrow must bring forth something far more desirable than yesterday or today. Thrilled with the speed of our development, we half expect that any morning newspaper may announce that the last secret has been wrung from the reluctant lips of Mother Nature, that the millennium is just around the corner.

We in America, especially, listen eagerly to every new voice of promise. We experiment with the new education, we found new schools of social science, we proclaim the new economics, we embrace New Thought, we expound the New Theology. And within the space of less than 10 years we have given our hearts and affections first to the New Era and, more latterly, to what has been popularly called the New Deal.

The New Era began in 1921, was rolling along at high speed about 1926, and crashed in 1929. It was the era when everybody was going to have enough of everything, when poverty was about to be abolished, when there were to be two cars in every garage, when we were to live forever on a level of prosperity never imagined in the world before.

Now curiously enough the New Era was not new at all. It has occurred with considerable regularity in history. It occurs in different localities over the



globe and with slight variations; but the general outline is pretty much the same. You have perhaps read a book, reissued a few years ago, though published originally in 1841, by Charles Mackay, of which the title is *Extraordinary Popular Delusions and the Madness of Crowds*.

It is a big book, but you get the meat of it in the first three chapters. These deal respectively with the Mississippi Scheme of John Law—the South Sea Bub-



ble which intoxicated and almost destroyed all England—and that amazing madness called the Tulipomania—the incredible speculation in tulip bulbs that raged through Holland and more or less all over Europe.

John Law was the Ivar Kreuger of his day. A Scotchman, coming into France in the early 1700's when the country was economically exhausted by the wars and extravagances of Louis XIV, Law obtained the confidence of the Regent and proceeded to demonstrate how everybody could get rich.

He was granted the exclusive rights of trade in the

England. Unwarned by the catastrophe across the Channel, believing themselves so much smarter, the English proceeded to exploit the dream of wealth in the South Seas, as the French had exploited the dream of the Mississippi. The joint stock company had just been invented. Men had but lately discovered the magic of being able to print pieces of paper and sell them to the public for money. Literally hundreds of stock companies were chartered for every conceivable purpose, and their shares rose immediately to fancy heights.

The absurdity reached its climax when a "racketeer" announced a company under the title: "A company to carry on an undertaking of great advantage, but no one to know what it is." This wise gentleman was almost the sole permanent beneficiary of the South Sea Bubble boom. He opened his subscription books one morning and by afternoon had collected several



*"The salons of Paris were deserted; it was said that if you sought to meet any one of the duchesses of France you must go to the drawing room of John Law."*

possessions of France along the Mississippi, which were popularly supposed to abound in gold and precious stones. He put forth stock-issue after stock-issue, at ever-mounting prices. His "preferred list" made the Morgan preferred list look amateurish. Dukes, generals, the mistresses of royalty, the leaders of science and the church, all begged his favor.

Great crowds of men and women congregated before his house, in the hope of getting close enough to be noticed and assigned a few shares. The crowds were so dense that traffic was stopped, and Law was compelled to move to a wider street. The salons of Paris were deserted; it was said that if you sought to meet any one of the duchesses of France you must go to the drawing room of John Law. The coachman of Law became a millionaire. Everybody was about to become a millionaire—when came the crash.

Only a few years later a similar madness swept



*Illustrations  
by Phil Lyford*

thousand pounds with which he jumped across the Channel, never to be heard of afterwards.

So much for two of the New Eras of old. What happened when they collapsed? Here the record is fascinating. Sentence by sentence, paragraph by paragraph, the same things happened that have been happening to us since 1929.

Laws were passed in France making it a crime to demand gold, even in exchange for certificates pledging gold. Widespread and bitter investigations were ordered. John Law, whose favor everybody had courted, was hunted out of the country, broken and hated. In England, the folks for whose merest nod men and women would have given anything were denounced as thieves and traitors.

The King hurried back from his vacation to take personal charge. Parliament assembled and appointed investigating committees. London rang with their shouts. Lord Molesworth cried out that



"... the minute a man begins to massage his whiskers he begins to think."

the directors of the South Sea Company should be punished as parricides were punished in old Rome: by being sewed in sacks and thrown into the Tiber.

This elementary understanding of the background of our situation is an important factor in developing a philosophy for these trying days. I meet men, and so do you, who shake their heads and consider themselves greatly abused. They tend to yield to self-pity, that most corroding of all human emotions. They think that all is lost. They do not realize that all that is happening is just one more period of reform following one more New Era.

**I**T IS A fact, of course, that no "new deal" leaves the world exactly as it found it. Some things are changed in every period of social upheaval. The forces then at work are deep, powerful, elemental. They are far stronger than the men who seek to ride them. They are not merely an economic incident, not merely a brief interruption in the even flow of so-called normal business. They are, in fact, a revolution.

If you have that point of view you can attain a certain degree of mental poise and serenity. You can say to yourself: "No man has ever yet passed through a revolution without discomfort and financial loss." You can set up, as the banks say, certain reserves—mental and financial reserves. When something happens that annoys you, instead of bursting into denunciation of self-pity, you can say: "That is one of the disturbances which is part of the price for living through a revolution. I have set up a reserve against that: I will charge it off and not let my equilibrium be destroyed."

Emerson in his diary tells about a friend who went every year to Europe—much more of an undertaking in those days than now. He made up his budget in advance, including all foreseeable items of expense. And at the end he added a generous amount "to be robbed of," and having done so, he set forth to enjoy his travels thoroughly, with no financial irritations.

That anecdote has contributed to my happiness in foreign travel. I expect more or less to be cheated in foreign exchange and to pay too much in countries whose language I do not understand. But I will not let this petty thievery lead to the greater thievery of robbing me of the pleasure of my trip. I travel for fun and I have fun.

In the same way there [Continued on page 56]



Photos: (above) Underwood & Underwood; (right) H. Armstrong Roberts; Photographie Illustrations.

*"We should learn how to deal with the little disturbers of our sleep. Then can come the rest 'that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care' — murdered by traitorous Macbeth."*

*Assassins of slumber may include lovable but lusty-lunged infants, braying radios, "square - wheeled" trolley cars, hearty midnight lunches, or bed springs that sag or squeak—maybe because they didn't cost enough when new.*

## Trifles That Murder Sleep

By Donald A. Laird

Director, Psychological Laboratory, Colgate University

SOMETIMES I think it would be nice to have been born a hundred years ago, to have lived when life seems to have been more leisurely. Picture some of the advantages: No traffic to worry us while trying to cross the street, dividing the race into the quick and the dead; no blasting on auto horns by playful folks going home late in the morning; no staying up late nights to listen to an overseas broadcast.

Something can be said for the benefits of living in this generation, of course, but to have a perspective for our survey of the little disturbers of sleep, we should be acutely aware of the changed tempo of modern life and its meaning for each of us.

We do more things, and under a great deal more emotional pressure than it was possible for even a genius to do a century ago. It took Henry Ward Beecher, the great divine, a month to journey from Indianapolis to Brooklyn, just before the Civil War. Today the same trip can easily be made over-

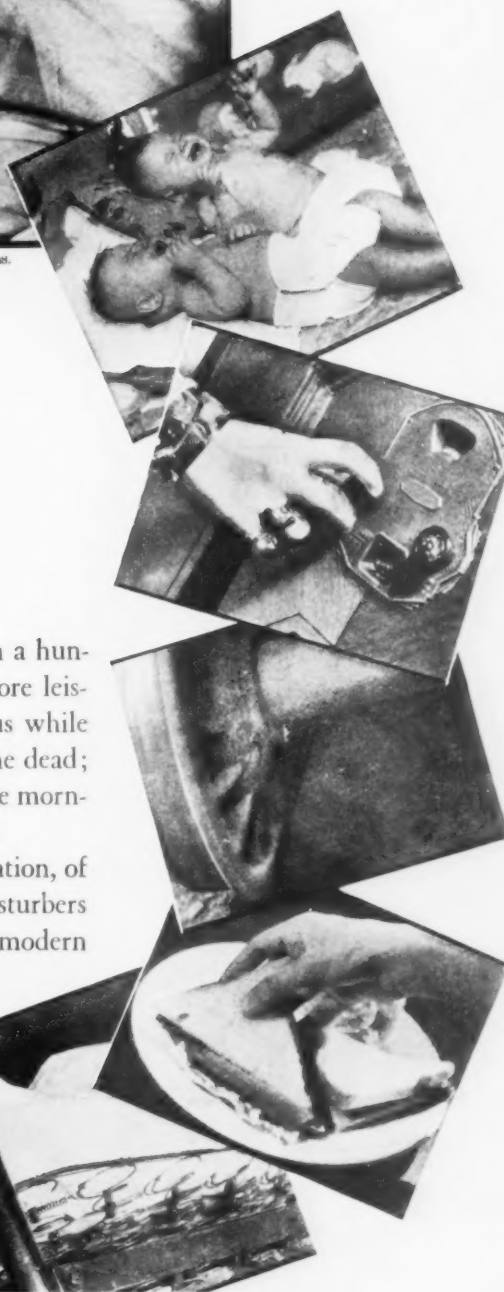
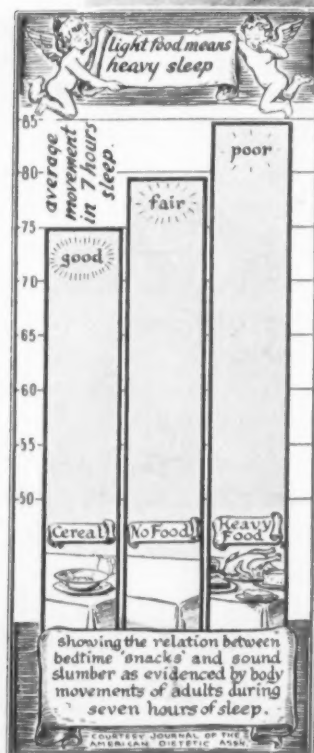






Photo: Henryk



*"Night garments which leave the shoulders exposed to chill air make sleep lighter, because temperature sensitivity remains through practically all sleep . . . A bedtime lunch . . . which will not cause digestive distress is helpful in improving sleep . . ."*

night — depriving the modern of the comfortable relaxation of idling on the lake and river steamers and canal boats which Beecher used on his journey. Invention has foreshortened time and space, and it has undoubtedly foreshortened rest and sleep more than is usually realized.

Various terms are used to describe the modern tempo and pressure of civilization. "Civilization shock" is what one psychoanalyst calls the condition. "Our neurotic civilization" is how it is characterized by another, and by medical men it has been classified under "diseases peculiar to civilization." But these descriptions of some of the effects of our vastly changed ways of living and working and playing make the situation seem more pessimistic than facts may warrant.

Let us more optimistically summarize these changes by admitting that we need to know how to sleep today, as at no time before in history. We need to get the best values out of sleep to maintain our civilization, and to help each individual to the personal resistance to strain and worry which is absolutely essential for a joyous existence. We should learn how to deal with little disturbers of sleep. Then can come the rest "that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care" murdered by traitorous Macbeth.

Consider how we go to sleep. First we close our eyes, but we can have our eyes closed without being asleep. When we really start to go to sleep, we lose our sense of vision first, then the sense of taste, followed by the disappearance of the sense of smell.

A person is in sleep of about medium depth when he cannot smell smoke in his bedroom. Hans Stein, for example, must have been sleeping at medium depth when he did not smell the smoke of the fire which consumed the over-stuffed davenport in his home at Portland, Oregon (July, 1934). A few months later Ray Wattis, a contractor, was asleep in a Nevada hotel, and he slept through a fire which burned off the top floor, just above him. He was awakened by water dripping on his bed, although he had not smelled smoke, and he telephoned to the night clerk to inquire if the management thought he was a duck.

Don't try to awaken a deep sleeper by spraying perfume. You will only be wasting it. And if you are awakened by the aroma of bacon and eggs from the kitchen, you weren't deep in slumber.

**W**HEN we are sleeping a little more soundly, our sense of hearing fades. At this depth, people do not hear their own snoring, or do not hear themselves talk in their sleep. This is probably as deeply asleep as the average person gets, although in some periods of the night he may be sleeping even more deeply, and in others a little more lightly.

It is because of this last fact that bed springs, or inner spring mattresses, which squeak like a trolley car on a curve, as we stir, are not friendly to our sleep. When we move—and we do, some 10 or 12 times an

hour—our sleep is a little lighter than average, and we are then more susceptible to hearing these squeaks and rattles.

Unless we are in almost the deepest sleep, our hearing centers are likely to be stimulated by the banging of a truck along a nearby street. Since we seldom sleep that soundly, trucks, train-whistles, squalling babies, returning neighbors, cat fights, and other nocturnal noises are sleep disturbers.

Noise as a sleep disturber may be an acute problem at present, but it is not a new problem. Listen to this account by Josiah Quincy, an early railroad president, as he describes a service of a stage coach line between New York and Boston a century ago:

... at two o'clock (in the morning) a man was sent round to the houses of those who were booked for passage. His instructions were to knock, pull the bell, shout, and disturb the neighborhood as much as possible, in order that the person who was to take the stage might be up and dressed when it reached his door. Light sleepers in the vicinity were made painfully aware when the stage was expected, and were often afflicted with an hour of uneasy consciousness, till it had rumbled through the street and taken up its passenger.

The shade at our bedroom window may flap gently through the night, not awakening us, but nevertheless disturbing slumber. Venetian blinds, which are becoming popular again, stop this trouble. So does putting the edges of the shade on a rope or cord track. The simplest way to deal with the window shade problem is to let the bottom of the shade remain about half a foot above the bottom of the raised lower window sash.

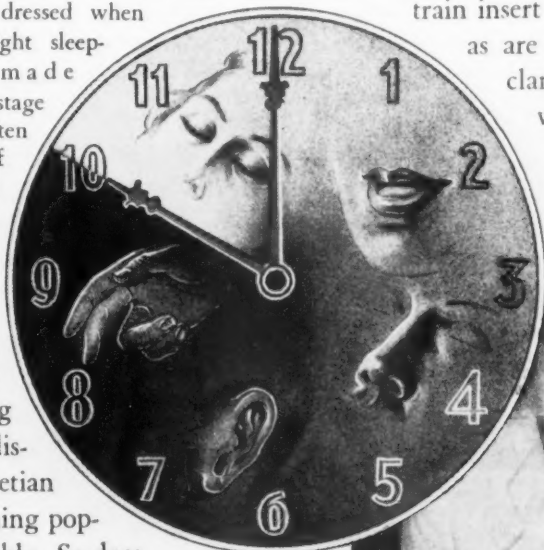
Here is another very practical suggestion. If your bedroom is exposed to street noises, move it to the back of the house or apartment. The noisiness of a room can often be cut in half, and sleep vastly helped, by something as simple as that. Or it may be that the only way to get quietness suitable for sleeping is to move to another section of town.

*When we really start to go to sleep we lose our sense of vision first, then, taste, smell, hearing, and touch. Right: A phone to the stomach which reveals that hunger contractions disturb slumber about 25 times nightly.*

Many people think they have "got used to noise." Their minds may appear to overlook these disturbers, but their bodies do not. We have found that the noise of clapping the hands together rather quietly produces no visible signs of waking the average sleeper—but his blood pressure rises ten or more points as a result. The depth of his sleep is affected.

**P**ERHAPS deafness is a disguised blessing in our modern civilization. Deafness made it possible for Thomas A. Edison to sleep so many times during the day that he did not have to sleep as long as the average person does when night came around. I know some persons who are deaf in one ear, who always try to sleep as much as possible with the deaf ear up, while their hearing ear is buried in the pillow. And I know also of more persons who put absorbent cotton into their ears, or when spending a night on the train insert into their ears rubber stopples, such as are used by swimmers, to deaden the clanging of draw bars and clicking of wheels over the rail joints.

If we are tired enough, or half-hypnotize ourselves, we can, of course, sleep through a great din or in bright light. The last Czar



of Russia slept in a bedroom which was kept brilliantly lighted all night long. We can thus remain unconscious, but such is not the deepest or the most restful sleep.

Let me give a word of encouragement and friendly counsel to any who may be developing the tendency to awaken during the night, and stay awake for some time. It is probably not your fault that it started; something outside usually disturbs and starts this. Once begun, however, you may soon make it a habit, and if you make it a habit I am afraid that is mostly your own fault.

**F**OR instance, Jimmy Durante, the comedian, worked so many years in night clubs that now he cannot go to sleep before 2 A.M. And Dr. Edgar Tillyer, famous for his inventions in eyeglass lenses, spent a great many years of his life as an astronomer. As you know, astronomers stay up most of the night to watch the stars, and sleep during the daytime. It has been years since Dr. Tillyer has made astronomical observations, but the old habit of being awake when others are sleeping has hold of him. That is the way with a disturbance which may be temporary—it can quickly become habitual, and there is no better example of this than the habit of waking up during the night, for no apparent reason whatsoever.

Ex-President Herbert Hoover has this interesting habit. While he was in the White House, he was usually in bed by 11 o'clock, even leaving important state social functions to maintain his usual bedtime hour. That is a splendid habit. But four hours after going to bed, almost without exception, he would switch on the lights and read for two hours or so. (He might have gone to sleep again in only 15 minutes if he had read the *Congressional Record*.) The late Bob Davis usually awoke at 2 A.M., and Theodore Dreiser, another ex-newspaperman, often awakens at 3 A.M. and stays awake for two hours.

So, if any of you are getting this habit, you have interesting and highly accomplished company. But—don't get the habit! Here is how it usually starts:

A middle-aged man who lived in the suburbs of a

large city got in touch with me some time ago. He feared he was getting insomnia because he had started waking at 3 A.M. a week or so before. Since I knew that most instances of wakefulness are caused by external sources, I told him to set his alarm clock for 2:45, get up at that time, put on a dressing robe, and go to the window and listen intently to see what happened at 3 o'clock that might be waking him up.

He tried it that very night and was amazed to notice, shortly before 3 o'clock, a stirring in the adjoining house. In a minute or two the front door swung open and the neighbor clattered hastily down the front steps on his way to work. My friend's insomnia, as he thought it might be, started the first night the new family had moved in next door. The noise of the neighbor leaving at an unusual hour for his work, rang through the clear night and awoke my friend, although he did not know what it was.

People *can* sleep under unfavorable conditions. Miss Tarzana Nichols, the trapeze artist, has the habit of protecting her valuables by sleeping with them in her mouth. John Wesley slept only five hours a night, but made up for his short night sleep by sleeping on his horse as he rode along the highway. And Ed Garvey, a Notre Dame tackle, went to sleep during a football game, remaining crouched on hands and knees until his fellow players missed him and

woke him up for the next play.

I cite a few unusual instances—although we could spend several hours relating no two that are alike—to emphasize the point

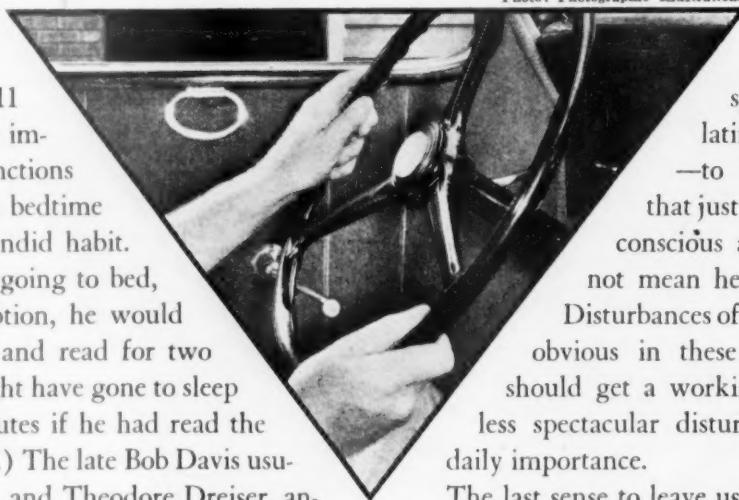
that just because a person is unconscious and immobile it does not mean he is getting good rest.

Disturbances of the quality of sleep are obvious in these three instances; we should get a working acquaintance with less spectacular disturbances which are of daily importance.

The last sense to leave us in sleep is touch—located in a group of sensitive nerve endings which are stimulated by pain, pressure, warmth, and cold. One who is soundly asleep is difficult to awaken, for instance, by an alarm clock or a shout. His ears, so to speak, are closed in the deeper levels of sleep. But his skin senses are still alive [*Continued on page 57*]

*"... the surest way to keep awake is to tense muscles ... something worth knowing in night driving or in some crisis that calls for alert action."*

Photo: Photographic Illustrations







*"Nobody knew where he came from . . . He would arrive in a village, dusty and footsore, his violin in a waterproof case. The tavern keeper would give him a hearty welcome to which he would make no reply. He was a silent man."*

## A Son of Heaven

By Irving Bacheller

Novelist, Historian, Biographer

**I**T HAPPENED years ago that I came into possession of certain facts in a beautiful mystery. In all my reading and listening I have learned of nothing like it.

The mystery was a man with a great light in his soul shining out of the shadow that surrounded him. I was to learn that it was a shadow which for a time had darkened the world. When I say of this strange man that he had the magic of a genius comparable only to that of the immortal few, I am quoting men qualified to estimate it. He was a master of the violin wandering in the countryside where I was born, unable or unwilling to explain himself.

We knew that he was called Nick Goodall. The compositions of the great masters came from his instrument. Yet his marvellous skill and knowledge were utterly unmerchable. He played only to satisfy his own ears and those of the people who chanced to hear him and always without price. It was as free as the air we breathed.

Being the solution of a mystery about a strange personality that once moved among the hills and the vales of northern New York

I was brought up in a countryside filled with hard working people who had a rich endowment of common sense. Uncommon things excited their curiosity. About all the music they had known was that of the fiddler, the canary bird, the asthmatic cottage organ, and the melodious evangelism of Moody and Sankey. Once a well-trained lady singer from New York delivered some famous arias in the Town Hall. Most of the audience agreed: "that it didn't make sense." Trilled declarations in a foreign language did not appeal to them. Yet everyone felt the magic of Nick's bow. Often those hard-handed people would sit until midnight hearing it and loving it.

He seemed to like the pleasant hills and valleys of northern New York in summer weather. How and where he lived in winter I have never learned. Some poor-house may then have been his home.



Nobody knew where he came from. If he could have told, he never did.

He would arrive in a village, dusty and footsore, his violin in a waterproof case. The tavern keeper would give him a hearty welcome to which he would make no reply. He was a silent man. He did not seem to doubt his title to hospitality. Word would go through the village that Nick had arrived. Before the time for early candle-lighting, village folk would throng the hotel to hear him play. The office, the parlor, and the stairway would soon be crowded. When he came from his room, the great master would take the chair reserved for him, his violin at his side. He would be as indifferent to the people around him as the clock on the wall. He lived the inner life.

All eyes were on this strange ambassador of heaven, impatient for him to begin to play. He never responded to an invitation. Soon he would take the violin from its case and tune it. A silence fell. It was like a calm sea waiting for the wind. Then with his magic he opened the door of a new world. It was a dream world of noble and impassioned sounds coming from the imaginations of Chopin, Liszt, Beethoven, Schumann, Schubert,

*"He would be as indifferent to the people around him as the clock on the wall. He lived the inner life. All eyes were on this strange ambassador . . . impatient for him to play."*

Bach, Brahms, Berlioz, and Paganini.

The violin had its own language. Its noble eloquence was a thing new to the simple folk among whom Nick had come. And yet they felt its power—even they, accustomed mostly to the emotions created by the political orator, the revivalist, the horse trader, the circus, the fair, and the prize pumpkin.

The great, rich tones, the swiftly dying cadences, the mighty rhythms, the impassioned face, the marvellous technique, gave some of them a memory that was like a tower on the commonplace level of their lives.

Often the spell would be suddenly and rudely broken. The player would stop with a loud and shocking exclamation. What

did it mean? One phase of its meaning was quite apparent. His deep emotions were not under control. He was like a man in the breakers coming from the sea. They swept him off his feet. He was undoubtedly a very great master but not a master of himself. That explained why he was a wandering minstrel, strangely unknown. Yet the great gift of this man was not going to waste. It was having an effect especially on the spirit of the young. I heard of one whom it led into high paths.

One day, some young men driving along a country road found him sitting in the shade of a great beech tree, at the edge of a grove by the roadside. He was resting, his violin at his side. They hitched their horse and walked toward him.

"How do you do Mr. Goodall?" one of them asked.

The violinist nodded and said:

"Yes."

It was a curious answer. Naturally, the boy thought that Nick had not understood him.

"I heard you play at the Rolston House one evening in June. It was wonderful."

Nick did not answer. He took the violin from its case and tuned it.

"I play for the birds," he said.

He played a lively, merry bit of music. It may have been *The Devil's Trill*, which he often played.

The piece came to its end. The player sat, his violin in his lap, listening to many birds singing joyously in the tree top above their heads—robins, wood thrushes, winter wrens. He smiled as he looked upwards. The applause of his feathered audience seemed to please him.

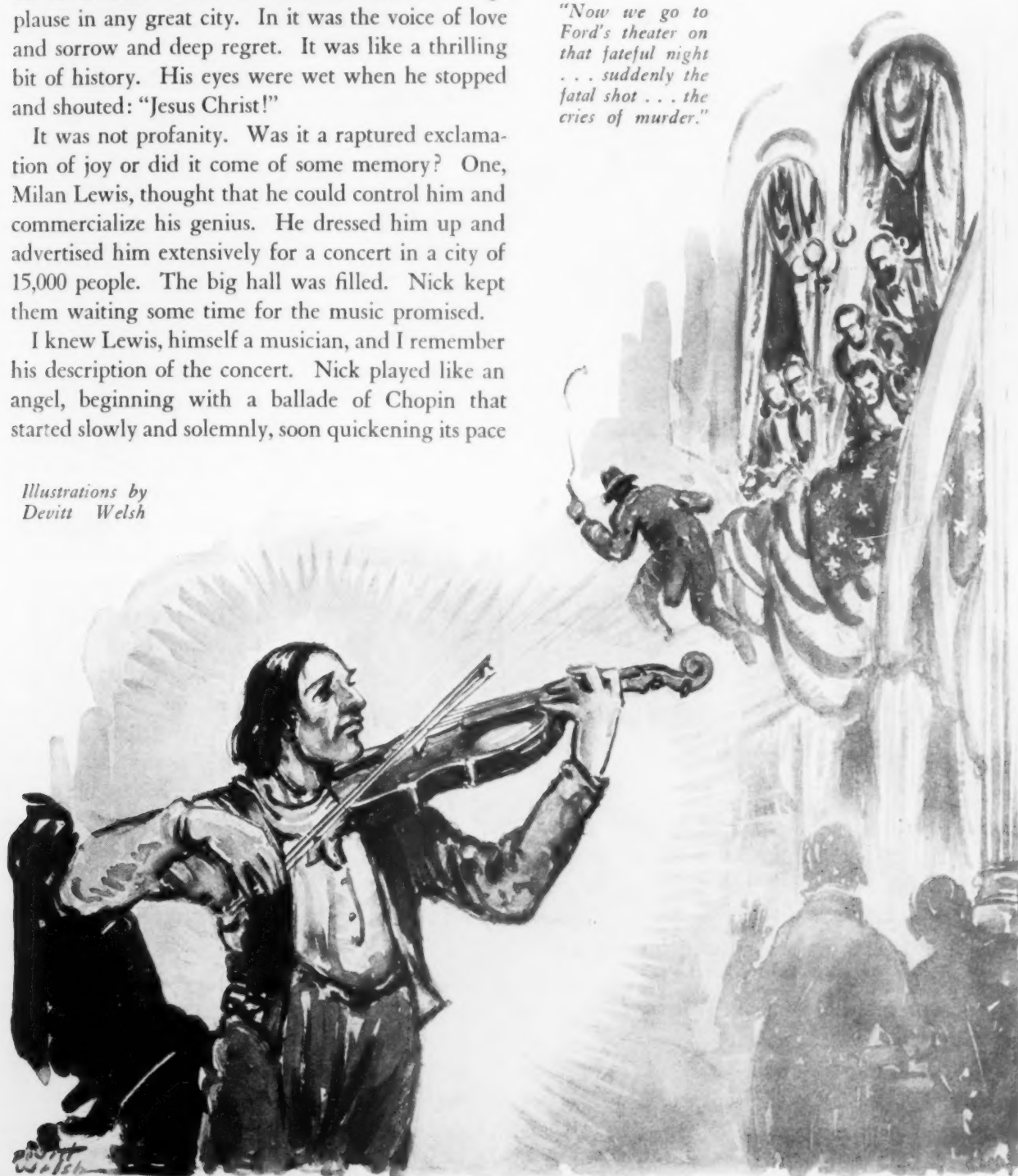
Of what was he thinking when he began a solemn, meditative piece on the fourth string? Here was a bit of art that would have created thunders of applause in any great city. In it was the voice of love and sorrow and deep regret. It was like a thrilling bit of history. His eyes were wet when he stopped and shouted: "Jesus Christ!"

It was not profanity. Was it a raptured exclamation of joy or did it come of some memory? One, Milan Lewis, thought that he could control him and commercialize his genius. He dressed him up and advertised him extensively for a concert in a city of 15,000 people. The big hall was filled. Nick kept them waiting some time for the music promised.

I knew Lewis, himself a musician, and I remember his description of the concert. Nick played like an angel, beginning with a ballade of Chopin that started slowly and solemnly, soon quickening its pace

and challenging the most brilliant technique of which a master is capable. He won the heart of his audience and then he put his heel upon it. The tempo changed returning to the solemn theme of the great composer with tones that were symbols of immensity. He played to the end of the passage and the slow procession of deep tones seemed to light his face with their beauty. One little note wavered into silence like a falling leaf. Lewis could hear dimly the humming [Continued on page 55]

"Now we go to Ford's theater on that fateful night . . . suddenly the fatal shot . . . the cries of murder."



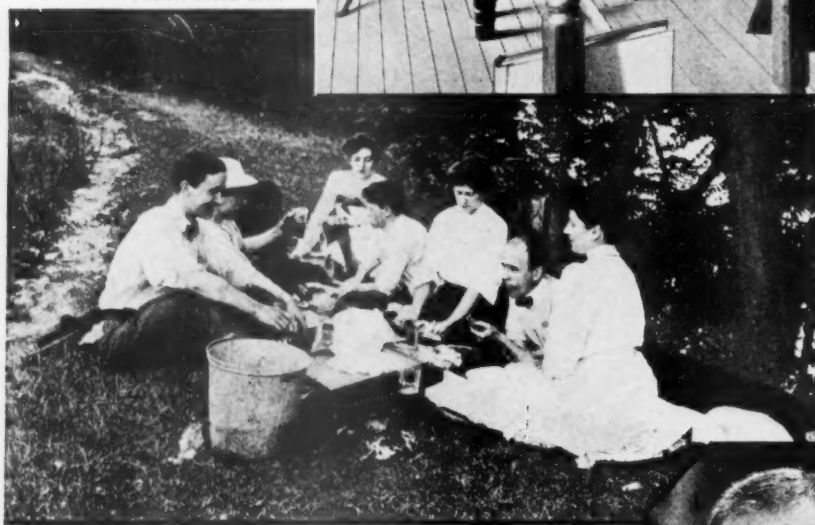
Illustrations by  
Devitt Welsh



*"Not until about 1905 did the custom of taking vacations in Summer gain a foothold in the nation's habits . . ."*

*"Economic improvement brought in its train the sense of relaxing tension, later the boon of leisure . . . which made conditions favor the growth of institutions like Rotary."*

Photos: Brown Bros.



*"Symbolic of the opportunities the new status presented, and also an example whom men of all sorts were eager to follow, was Theodore Roosevelt. Not the least of his service to fellow Americans was that, with his strenuous hunting trips, his tennis, his horseback riding . . . he made it respectable for men to possess interests outside their . . . professional pales."*

## A Historian Looks at Rotary

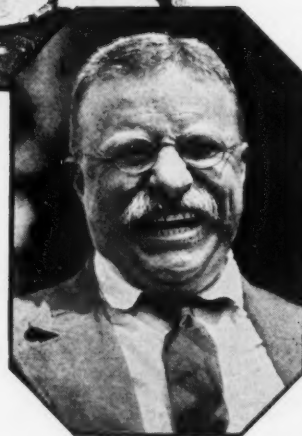
By Mark Sullivan

Author of Our Times

**A** DOZEN YEARS ago, when I first began work on my history, I devoted some intense preliminary thought to preparing a list of the really important things that had come into American life since 1900. Subsequently I divided the list into several categories. I shall not give them entire, but I will mention enough of the topics to illustrate my method, and to illuminate the point I am about to make about Rotary.

(1) Changes in government and politics (such as the income tax, the direct election of United States Senators, and some others).

(2) Changes in the material world: The airplane,



Theodore Roosevelt

the spread of the motion picture, mass production of the automobile in its constantly improving form; advances in medical and sanitary service (like the extinction of yellow fever at Havana and Panama); organized scientific research in industry; the radio.

(3) Changes in social life—summarized as:

Drift of population from the country to the city.

Difference between churches in the country and churches in the city; restriction of churches to purely religious functions; decline of the church as a social center, as it had been in the country; reduction of the former number of week-day services and of the attendance at them.

Decline of the sense of neighborliness, due to changed conditions of life.

Transition from the individuality of country life to the anonymity of city life, followed by attempts to recover the dignity of personality and the spirit of neighborliness.

The arising of city substitutes for the centers of neighborliness and social contact that had been natural in small towns and rural districts.

#### Rotary Clubs.

I knew, of course, that an institution so important and universal as Rotary must be included in any adequate history of our times laid out on the lines I had chosen. But of the history of Rotary, I knew, when I began my book, very little. Vaguely I understood that Rotary had begun as the luncheon club of a group of friends in Chicago, that it had grown to be world-wide, and that the example of it had given rise to many other institutions modelled somewhat after it. Plainly, anything with so much vitality must have some exceptional responsiveness to the spirit of our times. To tell why Rotary arose when it did, and why it flourished, was of necessity a part of my duty as a historian.

When I came to make research into the early history of Rotary, I was pleased with myself when, as it seemed to me, the facts proved my early theory. In the opening lines of the first narrative of Rotary that I saw, occurred a sentence which I quote from memory: "Rotary was founded in Chicago in 1905 by a young lawyer named Paul P. Harris, a stranger in the city." Here was proof of my theory, my "hunch," that Rotary must have been founded by some homesick young man, as a city substitute for the easy fellowship which, in the small country town was a natural and spontaneous accompaniment of normal neighborhood existence.

By Brett; Keystone View Co.



And here was proof, too, of that saying of Emerson, that "every institution is the shadow of a man." Mr. Harris was a stranger in the city. To overcome his loneliness he, groping toward neighborliness, organized a small club. That club survived alone among the, no doubt, thousands of similar gatherings that must have come together all over the country about the same time, but died with the passing of the momentary need. If Rotary alone survived, if Rotary not only survived, but grew, and stimulated many similar institutions, the reason must have been, in large measure, some vital quality of personality that Paul P. Harris put into it. [Continued on page 59]

By Norman Rockwell; Courtesy of Edison Lamp Works



*Lighting homes by electricity had but begun in 1905 when Rotary was organized. Kerosene lamps were the ordinary means of illumination then being used.*

*A Rotary Club, suggests Historian Sullivan, becomes "a city substitute for the easy fellowship which, in the small country town was a natural and spontaneous accompaniment of normal neighborhood existence."*

# As the Greatest Only Are

By Channing Pollock

Author and Playwright

**M**Y FAVORITE story is that of a raw army recruit who was manicuring a path at Governor's Island when a man in uniform passed. "Hey, buddy," the rookie said, "give us a light, will you?" The stroller obliged.

As he walked away, another soldier, with staring eyes, exclaimed to the rookie, "For the love of Mike, do you know who that was? That's Pershing!"

Flabbergasted, the newcomer ran after the General. "I'm so sorry, sir," he apologized. "I've only been in the army a couple of hours. I'm afraid all uniforms look alike to me, sir. I hope you won't—"

Pershing smiled, and patted the man on the shoulder. "That's all right, son. Only—" he paused, and his eyes twinkled. "Only, take my advice and never try it on a second lieutenant."

I've cherished that yarn because, looking back over a long life, I find that most of my difficulties have been with second lieutenants. Tennyson said the Duke of Wellington was "*as the greatest only are*," in his simplicity sublime." I've known a good many of the great, and the near-great and, without exception, their simplicity has been in proportion to their greatness. The little men, in contrast, have been pompous, and trying, and jealous of their prerogatives in proportion to their littleness.

Long ago, for example, my wife and I discovered that when something went wrong in business relations, the only sure way of setting it right was to address the head of the firm. Last summer, we had trouble with a local agent of General Electric. Our expostulations proved futile, so we wrote to the office of the company in New York. That epistle remaining unanswered, we wrote again to the chief of this particular department in Cleveland. Nothing happened. At last, amused and experimental even more than annoyed, I dictated a note to Owen D. Young, chairman of the board. His reply came the next morning. It was one of the most courteous letters I ever received, and it was followed promptly by other letters from long-silent subordinates, and the immediate removal of our cause for complaint.

Someone described dignity as "a pose of the body



Illustrations  
by Ray Inman

"Hey, buddy," the rookie said, "give us a light, will you?" The stroller obliged.

designed to conceal defects of the soul." This, of course, doesn't mean the natural dignity that has its source in that neighborhood. But men *assume* dignity to conceal something. When we were about to begin a rehearsal one day, a stage-hand I had known many years addressed me as "Channing." A friend connected with the management said, "I don't see how you can let 'grips' and 'clearers' call you by your first name."

"I couldn't," I answered, "except that I know my business." It is only the man afraid of being found out who has to keep subordinates at a distance.

Modesty, of course, is not incompatible with justified self-confidence, or with knowledge of and joy in true capacity and achievements. Absorption in one's work is not necessarily absorption in one's self.





As a young man, and her press agent, I once heard Lillian Russell allude to her beauty. I suppose I looked shocked, for Miss Russell turned from her mirror, smiled at me, and said, "You think that's conceit, but you're wrong. After years of being pictured and written about everywhere, it wouldn't be possible for me not to know that God gave me more than average comeli-

ness. Conceit would show itself in pretending I *didn't* know."

Miss Russell, who was the simplest and kindest of women, was entirely right. She had accepted the fact of her beauty, given it exactly the proper importance, and let it go at that. Conceit does "show itself" in pretending, and in pretence.

When Clyde Fitch produced *Her Great Match*, many critics agreed that the Prince in the play wasn't sufficiently princely. Fitch complained to me, "How do they know? They never met a Prince. I'm acquainted with a dozen of 'em, and you can take it from me that Princes act like other people—only more so. It's the little people who act as Princes are supposed to act."

My only princely association confirmed that opinion. Ten or twelve years ago, in the dining room of the Hotel de Madrid in Seville, we sat at the table next that of a red-bearded man who was obviously—and, I think, naturally—attracted by my daughter. He didn't know who we were, and we didn't know who he was. Afterward, I met him standing alone in the lobby. We exchanged commonplaces, and he suggested a stroll. It was a fine night, and we walked a few blocks through the narrow streets, chatting about Spain, and, even more, about America. I thought him a well-informed, unostentatious, middle-aged citizen—a banker, or something like that. I believe I asked him whether he was a banker. A little surprised, the least little abashed, but quite sim-

ply, he answered, "No; I'm Henry of Mecklenburg." He was Prince Consort of Holland.

Someone—I've forgotten who—once told me a story about a lot of Kings on a train. They were going to a royal wedding, or something, somewhere. Most of them were petty potentates, and they were very much concerned as to the order of their precedence in proceeding to the dining car. When the matter was settled, and the procession moved forward, the bearded gentleman who had quietly and voluntarily taken his place at the end of it was Edward VII of England. I don't warrant the truth of this tale; but it ought to be true. Only a man who knew that, beyond dispute, he had the right to head a procession would be satisfied to bring up the rear.

Once in crossing to Europe, I encountered a big department store owner from the West. He dropped me when he learned I had a friend who was travelling in the second class. That week in Paris I met the Baron Henri de Rothschild, who was producing a play of mine. One of the richest men in the world, he lived in a sumptuous mansion in Passy; his friends included all the nabobs of the Continent, but he was a person as well as a financier. He came frequently to see me in my obscure hotel, and on his next visit to America he stayed happily for nine days with me in my modest cottage at Shoreham.

**K**IPLING'S counsel, "Walk with kings, nor lose the common touch," is good advice for any man. "A humble and a contrite heart," and, above all, a humble, open, and acquisitive mind. Once, at a meeting in London, I discussed with my neighbor a play we had both seen. I hadn't liked the piece, and plainly he had, but he didn't say why. He seemed far more interested in my reactions. While we talked, he was forever observing, "Yes, of course, you're right" or "I hadn't thought about that." "Don't you think," he inquired, "that a dramatist is ever justified in doing so-and-so?" and seemed almost wistfully eager to hear my reply. It wasn't until the meeting was breaking up that I discovered that I had been "telling" Sir Arthur Wing Pinero.

I had the honor and pleasure of a great friendship with an eminent surgeon, Ross McPherson. He never mentioned a single one of his achievements to me. I was a little surprised, after his death, when a famous physician said, "Ross was the finest gynecologist in America—if not in the world." One day, I went with him to a clinic at which he was to perform an operation. A woman had swallowed a

needle, and it had lodged in a difficult and dangerous spot. Ross showed the students his X-rays, explained the difficulty, the danger, and his precautions against mistake, and, making an incision, declared, "Now, we reach in—*here*—and remove the needle." When he lifted his hand, with the needle in it, the spectators broke into applause.

Afterward, I asked, "Wasn't that pretty wonderful, Ross?"

"Nine-tenths luck," he laughed. "I'd hate to tell you how surprised I was when I actually felt that needle." A smaller man might have been really surprised, but he'd never have mentioned it.

There is another force at work, too; people of standing cannot afford to do mean and discreditable things. The distinguished actors with whom I have worked have been, almost without exception, very simple and every-day companions. It was an actress no one remembers who posted a notice that members of her company were to refrain from speaking to her unless she spoke to them first. It was a former chorus girl who walked out of a theater because her dressing room was reached by four steps. But it was Sarah Bernhardt to whom I apologized for a shocking cell in a one-night-stand "opera house" and who laughed, "Oh, my *enfant*, do you think I have never played in worse places than this?"

"In his simplicity sublime." Writing the words tempts me to two final anecdotes. In a certain barber shop, the other day, I encountered one of the heads of a motion-picture company—"sneaking into a corner," as he said, so that he wouldn't have to talk to anyone. "Ordinarily, I'm shaved in my office," he explained, "but the private barber's-chair I keep there is being repaired. It's amazing what you have to do to hold people off. I've two secretaries now whose chief business is to make sure that nobody takes more than five minutes of my time."

While I was a youth in my middle-twenties, in the hire of a theatrical firm, my employer asked me if I could persuade Mark Twain to introduce Sarah Bernhardt at a

benefit for the Kishinev sufferers. The appointment was made, and, for two days, I thrilled at the idea of meeting the humorist. "I must say what I have to say quickly," I thought. "Here's a great man, and a busy one. I mustn't take his time."

At three o'clock, I was at the old brick house in lower Fifth Avenue. Mark Twain opened the door.

"Come in," he said heartily. "Bernhardt, eh? I've got to tell you a story about that. In my boyhood, she visited Hartford. Mother thought we should see her, but orchestra seats were five dollars each. Father agreed to three tickets in the balcony at three dollars apiece. But we sometimes employed two sisters to do sewing. They were strangers in a strange land—French women, and very poor. Before Bernhardt came, they came—to make over some dresses—and mother said she was afraid they didn't get enough to eat, and father declared we couldn't waste money on play-acting while people were hungry. So he gave the sisters our \$9; and they added a dollar of their own, and bought two orchestra seats, and saw Bernhardt."

The old fellow's eyes were twinkling as he led me into the living room. "Have a cigar," he insisted. "That makes me think of another story."

At 4 o'clock, I was terrified at discovering that I had taken an hour of the great man's life, and still didn't know what I had come to find out. At 5 o'clock, I began thinking that I was a busy man, too. But Mark Twain was in full flood then—questions about the theater, and my experiences, and endless tales of his own. At 6 o'clock, I began wondering about dinner. I had to be at the theater at 7. Twenty minutes after that, the author escorted me to his front door. "I've had a great afternoon," he declared. "Sorry we can't go on talking, but I imagine you are due somewhere—and so am I."

"Mr. Clemens," I said, "I really came here to ask you—"

"Oh, yes, yes!" he exclaimed. "That's all right. Just scrawl the hour and the place on the back of this envelope. I'll be there. And—" as, bareheaded, he descended with me to the sidewalk—"make a note for me, will you, of the story you told me about—"

That was the man who wrote *Huckleberry Finn*. Somehow, I think he couldn't have written it if he'd had two secretaries and a private barber's-chair.



# A New Nation Is Born



Photo: Keystone Views

Manuel Luis Quezon, as he was sworn in to be the first president of the new Philippine Commonwealth.

## By Carlos P. Romulo

Editor, *The Philippines Herald*

**I** AM A Rotarian from the Philippine Islands. To me the whole essence of Rotary is contained in two words, both of which play important rôles in its work: *Service* and *Fellowship*. Sometimes I wonder why we regard these two words separately. The finest feeling in the world, the greatest feeling the human heart can conceive, is fellowship. A man can give service to his fellow man; but unless that service is accompanied by fellowship it is a poor, grudging form of service, which leaves him who accepts it with a feeling of obligation that destroys the spirit in which that service should be given.

Service and fellowship—without the one the other is impossible. Without the second the first loses the only thing that makes it worth while. I should prefer to consider these two words together, their best qualities expressed in that one beautiful word, *neighborliness*. For in this word we in the Philippines have seen the fulfillment of all that we know as the spirit of Rotary.

I once heard a speaker decry the idea implicit in the expression "Honesty is the best policy." We should not be honest, he declared, merely because it

is the best policy. We should not make of the virtue of honesty a matter of sordid policy.

We could say the same thing of the principles of Rotary. We should not serve only because it profits us to serve. We should not develop fellowship solely because it will grease the way to bigger markets.

This all sounds very touching and very beautiful. But whether we like it or not, we must admit that we are human, and we must admit what experience has proved—that honesty, besides being a virtue, *is* the best policy; and that *service* in the Rotary sense, service given under the spirit of fellowship, in short, that combination of service and fellowship which I would call neighborliness, *does* pay, because it is a virtue in itself.

This somewhat rambling introduction was necessary to show how this spirit of neighborliness has worked out in the Philippines, how this new nation, the only self-governing Christian people in the Far East, was given life by the spirit behind Rotary.

Thirty-seven years ago the Americans went to the Philippines with an amazing notion of what a colonizing nation should do with a newly-acquired colony. They had the strange, hitherto unheard of idea that a small, weak people, with ways and customs of its own, with a land it loved the more passionately because it had been in alien hands for cen-



turies—that such a people had the right, and should be given the opportunity, to live its own life under its own flag.

Rotary had not then been born, but it was in its spirit that America, as a nation, approached its task. The spirit of service shines through the words of the late President McKinley—service to a weak people who could use help and plenty of it, service without thought of compensation. But those early Americans who went to the Philippines saw the need of something fine in the relations which they sought to establish with the Filipinos. And when the brief, dark years of fighting, bitterness, and misunderstanding had passed, the spirit of fellowship appeared—a real desire among those Americans to extend the hand of Fellowship to a people who could at the time offer them nothing but opposition. And how swiftly that opposition faded, disappeared in the warming glow of friendliness now belongs to history.

So through the years there came into being, as between Americans and Filipinos in the Philippines, that composite of service and fellowship—neighborliness. And on November 14, 1935, 37 years after America conquered the Philippines, President Roosevelt proclaimed the establishment of the Philippine Commonwealth—the birth of a new and free nation.

I feel, as a Filipino, that the Philippines owes everything to this spirit of neighborliness which America carried to my country, which America made the basis of her dealings with her first subject people. This compound of service and fellowship served more than any other single factor, more than any combination of single factors, to bring the Philippines to its present stage of preparedness for nationhood.

**T**O us in the Philippines, Rotary is not an association of similarly-thinking people for the achievement of concrete objectives. It is not an association of businessmen seeking to promote one another's business so that all may profit. It is not a mutual benefit society—nor is it even a mutual admiration club.

To us, Rotary, in its ultimate phase, is the spirit of understanding, of neighborliness and peace—a spirit not detached from and superior to the individual, to be understood and appreciated and lived in only by those initiated. Its influence strikes and envelopes the individual everywhere, for it is a spirit to which the individual reacts, and under whose influence the individual begins to feel and to understand that he is not an animal obeying only the law of self-preser-

vation, but a soul living in harmony and in helpfulness with the great soul of mankind.

Consider what America has done.

Shall we measure her work by the miles of beautiful roads that criss-cross the islands of the archipelago? Shall we measure it by the advances in sanitation, in the growth of the population, in the extension of self-government, in the increased trade, in the immeasurably higher standard of living? Shall we measure it by our countless schools, by our beautiful public buildings, by our balanced budget?

**A**LL those things are there. They all mean a great deal. But an absolute monarch, a despot, a tyrant governing a subject people, might have given that people all those things, and yet withheld from them the one all-important thing that America has given.

That one thing is individualism, the feeling that every man is a *man*, that he can stand side by side with other men, that he can defend his own rights, and that in that defense he has the inestimable privilege of recognizing and defending the rights and privileges of his neighbor.

America, it is true, did not create that spirit. It is to be found in all countries. It has always been in the soul of our people. It shines through clouds of repression in the words and actions of men whom we venerate as our national heroes. But America has liberated it, not among the leaders of thought, where it required no liberation, but among the great mass of the people.

That is why in the Philippines there are two symbols the people look up to with respect and gratitude. One of them is Rotary's cogged wheel, which in their eyes declares the sturdiness, the force, and the unity into which the separate strengths of America and the Philippines have been welded to build the Philippines of today on the basis of service and fellowship; and the different cogs, gripping the gears of the world, keep it moving forward and upward.

But there is another symbol, declaring also the sturdiness with which we have been bound together and protected, but speaking to our hearts in a more intimate idiom—of union, of mutual respect, of loyalty, of freedom. This is the American flag.

If the Filipinos have learned to look upon the Stars and Stripes with a reverence no less profound than the Americans themselves, it is because they have found in its shadow not oppression but freedom, not the hazards of subjection, but peace and security.



*Jobless, hungry, exhausted.... This picture happens to be from Spain, but it might have come from almost any country.*

*And, by way of contrast, this—from a labor camp in Czechoslovakia. But it, too, could have come from one of the several nations providing jobs for unemployed young men in labor camps.*

PHOTOS: (left) Globe; Underwood & Underwood

## The Challenge: More Workers Than Jobs\*

By **Albin E. Johnson**

*Geneva Press Correspondent*

**U**NEMPLOYMENT, which has been one of the most dramatized phases of the depression, is not going to vanish with the other evils of the crisis when the world returns to economic normalcy. While many of the 30 million idle workers in the leading manufacturing countries will progressively be reabsorbed by industry as trade quickens and people once more begin to buy, it is becoming apparent that governments and society tomorrow will be faced with an entirely new problem: the problem of the chronically unemployed.

Just as the backwash of the Great War still engulfs a generation, unborn when that holocaust swept across Europe, so the aftermath of the great depression is sure to confront the leaders of the next few decades. Finding a place in national and international bodies politic for many millions of surplus workers will be one of the biggest social issues of the immediate future.

\* See also Albin E. Johnson's *Jobless Youth—A World-Wide Problem* in the January, 1936, *ROTARIAN*.



The genesis of the chronically-unemployed class lay in the World War. To a limited extent there was an unemployable element before 1914 but it was small and indistinct. It consisted largely of misfits and itinerant workers. But, as a rule, in the pre-war period when one industry developed a surplus of man-power, other industries quickly absorbed it. New industries were constantly creating a demand for labor, and, as a last resort, emigration provided an outlet.

The United States alone, up until 25 years ago, received about a million alien workers annually. Brazil, Australia, New Zealand, Canada, Argentina, and South Africa also not only welcomed, but eagerly



Top: Unemployed New Zealand boys learning the intricacies of milking a cow at a camp where they are taught agriculture. Above: Germany's soldiers of labor on parade. Right: White collar workers demonstrating at Washington, D. C.



Europe's sons and daughters who departed a few years ago are now returning home—but not carefree, pockets bulging with dollars, for a visit. They are drifting in as deportees and repatriates, often penniless and burdened with wives and children, to go on the dole which a sympathetic fatherland provides, or to eke out a precarious existence with the aid of relatives and friends.

No longer can President Eamon De Valera complain that "Ireland raises beef for Britain and men for America." Nor does Mussolini's theory that "labor is an exportable commodity" and Italian fertility should be turned to national profit by sending workers to all parts of the world, hold water. The world's labor market has ceased to absorb surplus populations; mails no longer carry a stream of gold back home. Emigrants have ceased to return with their savings to spend their declining years under sunny Mediter-

Photos: (top and below) Keystone; (left) Acme

sought immigrants to develop their natural resources and populate their vast unsettled regions.

Today the picture is different. The immigration tide has turned. The Old World is receiving back its own—with interest. Instead of sending men overseas to relieve population pressure and incidentally to enrich themselves through earnings mailed back to relatives or for investment, most former *emigration* countries have reversed the process and have become *immigration* countries. Italy, Spain, Portugal, Germany, the Balkans, Baltic, and Scandinavian countries are consistently reporting more arrivals than departures annually. Poland is an exception.

anean skies. Somehow or other things aren't working out the way they used to.

The depression has "messed up" matters for nations and governments as well as for individuals. France, which has always imported seasonal laborers by tens of thousands and regular workers in equally large numbers, is emulating the United States and other countries by closing her gates to foreigners. With unemployment growing (it increased about 20 per cent in 1935) France has sent away a half million Polish, German, and Italian workers to make room for her million of unemployed Frenchmen who heretofore spurned working in mines, on highways, etc.



Although the depression is passing, unemployment is not disappearing. Official statistics give little cause for optimism. As 1935 drew to a close, the number of idle workers actually mounted, as compared with previous years, in France, Holland, Switzerland, Hungary, Spain, Yugoslavia, Bulgaria, and Latvia. In other countries the decrease was not at all commensurate with the increase in employed persons or production. The following table shows the approximate percentage of the total number of workers unemployed in 1935 and 1934:

	1935	1934		1935	1934
Belgium	15.1%	17.4%	Britain	15.0%	16.5%
Denmark	14.5%	15.5%	Australia	17.8%	20.9%
United States	18.5%	21.6%	Austria	18.6%	22.5%
Switzerland	13.7%	12.4%	Sweden	11.1%	14.1%
Canada	15.1%	17.9%	Holland	34.8%	31.7%
Norway	21.7%	27.2%	Czechoslovakia	13.6%	15.8%

Ten years ago, industry's slogan was: "Efficiency and Rationalization." Mechanization was becoming a fetish. The machine, partly a heritage of the war when men were sorely needed in the trenches, was glorified everywhere.

Lower production costs accelerated output, consumption was stimulated by high-powered advertising, frenzied salesmanship, liberal credit, and installment buying, to keep pace with expanding output of mass-pro-

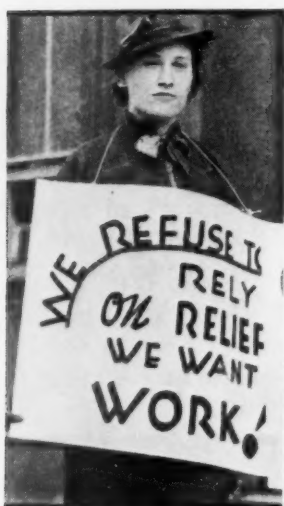
ducing men and tireless machines—and the *leitmotif* behind the phantasmagoria of men, machines, speculation, and high finance: quick profits! The bubble had to burst!

Today the world is seeking to inflate a similar bubble, and on its iridescent surface one already perceives many blemishes, chief among them a chronically unemployed class.

The manifestations of the machine's various effects have been many and varied. Out on the plains of America's Middle West, in Canada, Argentina, and Australia, motorized ploughing-planting and reaping-harvesting contrivances made grain production a robot's dream. When wheat touched \$2.00 per bushel on the Liverpool Exchange, acreages increased by leaps and bounds. But—between 1920 and 1930, as a result of mechanized farming at least six million horses and mules disappeared from the American pastoral; in Great Britain, according to the Army Council's census, 40 per cent of England's horses vanished during the last decade. To say nothing of the tens of thousands of farmhands who worked and groomed the equines and who drifted into cities and towns where they are now veterans in the legion of the unemployed.

The fact that six million horses consumed annually at least a billion bushels of the grain they helped produce, and that machines eat only oil and gasoline and require but few men to operate them, apparently has been overlooked. Also producers forgot that, with the war over, several millions of people changed their diets [Continued on page 53]

Photo: Wide World



Today, more men are at work in England than were in 1929—but the list of the jobless has doubled. The problem in Britain, as elsewhere, is passing into a phase referred to as chronic unemployment.

A contingent of British "hunger marchers" in a mass meeting at Nelson's monument in the heart of London.



# Mrs. Smith on 'Service'

By Evelyn T. Emmett

*Rotarian, Hobart, Tasmania, Australia*

ONE evening last year, I happened 'round, rather late, intending to "have a yarn" with my fellow-Rotarian, Bob Smith; but Bob was out. Mrs. Smith, a bright little woman whom I had met previously, gave me a cordial invitation to come in and have a cup of coffee, which hospitality I gladly accepted.

Two of Bob's daughters were there, and also Bob, Jr., who was just putting his home-work lessons away. An extra chair was drawn into the half-circle before the fire, and I was invited to light my pipe. A nice family, indeed! I was quite sorry that Bob was not there to share his own home comforts.

"Where's Robert?" I asked when we had settled down.

"This is his evening for the newsboys' class," replied Mrs. Smith. "If you want to see him any evening, it is always advisable to phone first. He has, perhaps, one night in three weeks at home on the average, I should say."

"Good gracious!" was all I could think of in comment. "Is that a fact?"

"What do you say, dears?" appealed Mrs. Smith. "Am I not about right in my arithmetic?"

*"This is his evening for the newsboys' class," replied Mrs. Smith. "If you want to see him any evening, it is always advisable to phone first. He has, perhaps, one night in three weeks at home, on the average . . ."*

Rotary's keynote is unassailable, and yet, as the poet has warned, men should take care "lest one good custom corrupt the world."

The younger Smiths certified in chorus to the correctness of the assertion, and the elder of the girls volunteered the information that she had been contemplating applying for a father who belonged to no committees.

"You see," exclaimed the lady, who evidently came under the designation 'grass-widow,' "Bob has got mixed up with such a lot of outside things that he hasn't time to do more than take a few of his meals here, and sleep during what is left of the night. It is quite a treat to have a man come in, as you have done. Are you in any things besides Rotary?"

"A few," I admitted.

"As many as Bob, do you think?"

"Well, perhaps I might be—I have never counted."

"But I fancy I have heard you are not married?" was the half-query.

I confirmed the information that I had successfully dodged matrimony, so far.

"Your wife is lucky. Bob is in so many things he couldn't really enumerate them when I tried to



organize a census recently. But I can remember enough to prove the assertion that a night home for him is a real event."

Mrs. Smith paused and I re-lighted my pipe.

"First," she said, tallying the point on her thumb, "there is Rotary and the four sub-committees he is on this year. He is on the council of the university, is president of one school parents' association, and member of another, for we have children at two schools. He is a member of Toc-H, and the art society, and the Sunday school teachers' union, and the local progress association, and the institute of accountants. He is also on the hospital board, the unemployment committee, and he is a lodge member. No doubt I have forgotten a few, but those will do to go on with."

"I should think they would do for a start," I assented, feeling a bit uneasy.

"THE Rotary motto," went on Mrs. Smith, warming up under my evident sympathy, "is 'Service Before Self.' Bob goes one better, and makes it 'Service before family.' He is a Rotarian first, a husband about eighth, and a father perhaps nineteenth."

"Right, mum," piped up Bob, Jr. "Keep going."

Mrs. Smith ignored the youthful outburst.

"Now, take this class of ragged boys father is fathering. He spends not only one night a week there, but he has persuaded a friend to establish another class, and he uses some of his spare home time in preparing programs for his friend's class. And in the meantime, Bob, here, fails in his exam by two marks—just for want of a little home coaching, his teacher told me.

"You will notice," she was now seemingly thoroughly wound up, "that Norah there has a stiff arm. She got it falling off the swing in the yard when the rotten rope broke; and by some irony of fate it happened just at the time her father was out with a boys' work committee inspecting the public playgrounds.

"And Bob," she said, "is great at encouraging school children to learn gardening. He collects for prizes for them, but our own garden has to be fixed by a hired man, or else [Continued on page 52]

*"Two of Bob's daughters were there, and Bob, Jr., who was just putting his home-work away . . . I was invited to light my pipe . . . I was quite sorry Bob was not there to shave his own home comforts."*





# The ROTARIAN

Published Monthly by  
ROTARY INTERNATIONAL

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THE Objects of Rotary are to encourage and foster the ideal of service as a basis of worthy enterprise and, in particular, to encourage and foster:

- (1) The development of acquaintance as an opportunity for service.
- (2) High ethical standards in business and professions, the recognition of the worthiness of all useful occupations, and the dignifying by each Rotarian of his occupation as an opportunity to serve society.
- (3) The application of the ideal of service by every Rotarian to his personal, business, and community life.
- (4) The advancement of international understanding, goodwill, and peace through a world fellowship of business and professional men united in the ideal of service.

## Editorial Comment

### Facts—Then Action

**I**MPRESSED by the enormity of the costs of crime, depressed by political corruption, many citizens have become pessimistic about the control of juvenile delinquency. But in that group do not count Rotarians at New Orleans, Louisiana.

Applying the same technique that they do to business problems, *first* they sought facts. A four-day conference—called the Institute of Juvenile Delinquency—was organized under their joint sponsorship with civic, religious, and social agencies, of the city. Judges, psychologists, social workers, police officers, and others qualified to cast light on the murky problem, were on the program.

The conference, admittedly, was only a first step but certainly in the right direction. It clarified the problem, put delinquency's causes and cures into concrete form, in the eyes of hundreds of citizens, and led to the formation of a permanent committee that will keep the matter continually before the community mind.

To Rotary Clubs searching for a Community Service activity that is significant and constructive, the example of New Orleans Rotarians is cited.

### A Footnote on Greatness

**F**EBRUARY is a month so filled with the birthdays of great men and great institutions that it might be interesting to inquire for a moment into the reasons for greatness itself. Ancient historians—Homer for example—were interested in the ventures and exploits of great men. But they were satisfied with the fact that their subjects were heroes and made good stories. They told the stories, were listened to with

wide-eyed awe, and everybody was, so far as we know, happy and satisfied.

But modern students have inquired just a little more deeply into the matter. And the inquiry was worth the result. They have reached the illuminating conclusion that greatness comes to men and institutions in direct ratio to the degree those men or those institutions serve a great need.

As with the rest, so with Rotary. The founder of Rotary noted a great need. On all hands he found greed, distrust, fear. And, too, he noticed that men were not really that way: that in every heart was a deep, unspoken need for friendliness, trust, and fellowship. It is no new discovery that from this realization the present international movement of Rotary grew. And as it was with the rest, so it will be with Rotary: as long as the necessity for fellowship and enlightened goodwill remain as deep needs to be fulfilled, the reason for Rotary will exist to make it great.

### Rotary Getting Dull?

**A**N AUSTRALIAN Rotarian recently threw out a challenging remark. Said he: "Rotary is getting dull. It no longer makes much appeal to me. We seem to have lost our youth—and with it our zest."

*The Pinion*, published by Rotarians in Australia, gave serious consideration to the charge. "If it be true," it editorialized, "that we are getting dull in Rotary, it must be that we are neglecting the bases of our movement. These bases are fellowship, vocation, and service, and there seems to be little room for dullness in any of them, either separately or taken as a trio. . .

"Is Rotary getting dull? It should not be. We

have unique opportunities for making our Rotary luncheons the cheeriest hours of the week, and our Rotary fellowships the richest we are privileged to develop."

In like vein, President Ed. R. Johnson has considered the question, has reached much the same conclusion.

"Rotary, as an organization," he asserts, "is nothing but the sum total of individual Rotarians and the services they render. What Rotary as an organization or the unit club accomplishes depends entirely upon what you and I do as individual Rotarians.

"If Rotary does not provide us with new friendships, does not encourage us, or inspire us to still further service in our respective vocations to our community and nation—if Rotary does not cause us to labor for international goodwill, then, so far as you and I are concerned, Rotary is accomplishing nothing."

## Not Dull in India!

**P**AUL BAILLOD, in his thoughtful article that opens this issue, refers to what Rotarians have done to weave the web of understanding among certain nations in Europe, as well as the successful effort to alleviate distress among prisoners of war in Bolivia and Paraguay. These stories have already been reported in *THE ROTARIAN*, but little has heretofore been said of a dramatic event at Bombay, India, in which Rotarians had a rôle in avoiding bloodshed.

It was in 1932 that Hindus and Moslems clashed in a riot that paralyzed the city. Hundreds were killed, many thousands wounded. During one of the daily meetings of the Conciliation Committee, under the chairmanship of the Mayor, a prominent Hindu suggested that if 10 Hindus and 10 Moslems were to be drawn from the leaders of both communities, and were to patrol the streets, that fact in itself would be accepted by the public as evidence that the conflict had ceased. A Mohammedan spokesman agreed, but added that the effect on the masses would be even greater if Europeans were included in these patrols.

The chairman turned and asked Herbert W. Bryant, then an honorary commissioner for Rotary, whether a sufficient number of Europeans could be secured for this hazardous service. The answer was

a "yes." That same day an appeal was made at the Rotary club for volunteers. A large number immediately responded, adequate to supply more than enough men for the European contingent of the Conciliation Committee's patrol.

Within 30 hours, the riots had come to an end.

## Movies Made to Order

**I**N 1889, Thomas Edison developed a contrivance that cast flickering figures on a wall. They moved. That primitive invention was for a generation hardly more than a mechanical novelty. Today, the movies are an accepted part of the social scene, from Broadway to the main street of Timbuctu. So potent a force in the forming of personal attitudes have they become that they are bracketed with press and radio.

In but few countries is the cinema industry run or subsidized by the government; characteristically, it is a private business. To survive, it must make profits. Thus, the crux of the basic issue discussed in this month's symposium becomes one common to all privately owned and operated businesses, namely, reconciliation of the profit motive with the desire to serve.

There is a cynical note in the review of a New York reviewer's recent comment in the *Times*:

Now when the world is beginning to tremble in the grip of martial ecstasy, we can depend on the cinema to whip the masses into an appropriately orgiastic mood of war hysteria. Last week on Broadway screens, three films from three different nations, armed with no more perceptible artistic impulse than that embodied in recruiting posters, were busily exhorting their audiences to lyric pride in the mailed fist . . .

Perhaps that writer reported accurately, but his assumption that motion picture interests are engaged in a sinister attempt to popularize war can hardly be accepted—at least without more evidence than what may be explained as a coincidence. The very nature of picture-making-and-selling leads each producer to follow as closely as possible on the heels of public interest, if not actually to anticipate it. Competition is keen, and the history of the industry has its examples of large firms displaced by younger rivals that more accurately sensed public desire.

It is this intimate relationship between fickle tastes and the industry that gives the cinema a distinguishing difference from any other businesses. The better producers recognize it; they freely ask you, who want better pictures, to become articulate in your preferences, and to make it possible through box-office patronage to produce films above censure.

# Jobs Behind the News\*

By Walter B. Pitkin

Psychologist and Author

**E**VENTS make news. Events determine jobs.

Obviously, then, every career-seeker ought to read the news. How many do? A sorry few, alas. But here's one who does. And his diligence earned him many thousands of dollars in two weeks.

A Columbia University student searched vainly for an opening. Finding none, he determined to make his own job. An avid, shrewd newspaper reader, the youth dug into the newspapers and put on his thinking cap. Eventually he "spotted" a career—in a list of bills coming up in the next session of the New York State Legislature!

One of these was an obscure little bill which, if enacted into law, would greatly affect the profits of several thousand corporations in the State. But few companies knew anything about the proposed legislation. So our hero got busy. He made a list of 3,700 organizations in the fields concerned. Then he mailed a letter to a leading official in each one.

Without identifying the bill, he pointed out some of its consequences if it became law. He announced that he would soon have available a careful analysis of the specific results of such legislation, prepared by a recognized national authority. Price: \$10 prepaid within 10 days.

Uneasy companies eagerly and quickly requested the study. Within a week the young man received 3,000 checks for \$10 each! He paid an outstanding expert to prepare the analysis, and kept the change. How much he won't tell, but we know his net profit was much more than \$10,000. He left school, and opened up an office—and began a career.

Can other young people go and do likewise? Not on such a spectacular scale, perhaps. But they can, if they will, get their bearings and frequently find their "chance of a lifetime" through nothing but careful reading and interpretation of the news published in the best of our large metropolitan papers.

How go about it? Not by following

\* Continuing this series of articles on "Youth and Careers."



the practices of the ordinary newspaper reader. He is a fellow who scans a few headlines, looks eagerly and long at all comic strips, cartoons, and pictures of the Dionne quintuplets, reads department store advertisements, studies the liner ads for jobs or for bargains, looks up baseball and football scores, turns to prize contests hoping to win cash, and, after 25 minutes, puts down the paper with satisfaction.

He thinks himself a fine fellow. Nothing like keeping up with the times! He would be startled and pained if you told him that he has, in all probability, read something like two and a half to three per cent of the news contained in an ordinary 24-page newspaper, whose reading matter alone includes at least 100,000 words.

What useful information will career-seekers find in the newspapers? The following samples, are selected from country weeklies, county dailies, medium-sized papers, and large metropolitan sheets. The next time some jobless youth or maid reports forlornly that he feels unwanted in this cruel world, suggest kindly that he retire to the nearest public library with a stack of newspapers and this article. Let him look for jobs behind the news! Equally important, if he seeks a career in fields which seem to be overcrowded, let the news warn him against making the heartbreaking mistake of following through where he hasn't a chance.

Here is the kind of news that ought to help every young person get his bearings. And it's the type that's published every day of the year in our best dailies.

## CAREERS IN THE RETAIL FIELD REPORTED TO BE ON UPGRADE

NEW YORK.—A retail placement specialist reports a marked increase in the demand for general managers for stores, merchandise managers, and many advertising managers. He has been asked by a well-known chain store organization to secure from 25 to 30 young men, graduates of leading business schools having two or three years of retail experience, to fill "important second-line positions with the organization."

## TYPICAL DEPARTMENT STORE DESTINED TO CONTRACT AS MAJOR FACTOR IN RETAILING

John J. Soandso, the vice president of a large metropolitan department store, reports that the department store of the future will be a series of small stores under one roof.

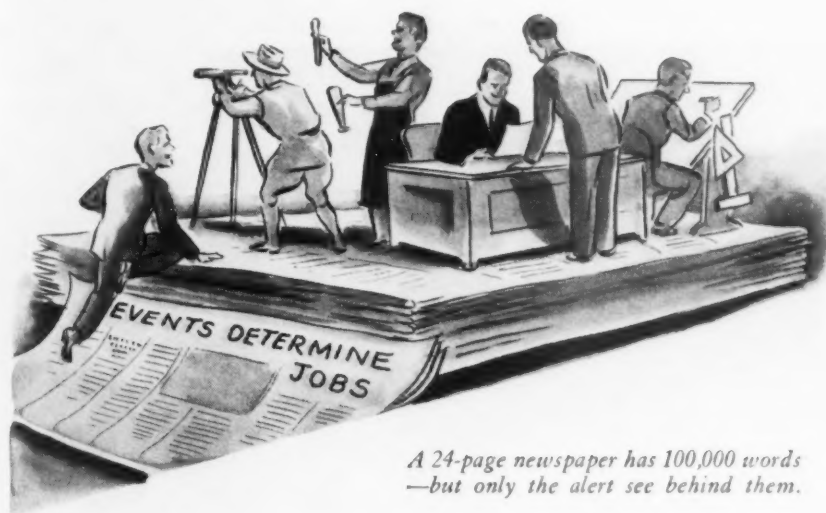
"A whole new crop of incipient merchants has come through the depression who do not know the faded glories of yesteryear in department store merchandising," he declares. "They did not and do not have a top-heavy organization. They are starting fresh to take away the business of the department store. They include specialty people at the top edge and chains at the bottom. Expenses of tomorrow's stores will be lower, the buyer will be 'king,' and the set-up will be such that the controlling heads can act on new ideas quickly and effectively."

## DRUGGISTS ARE CHIDED AS 'SANDWICH MEN' BY WIMMER

Dr. Curt P. Wimmer, assistant dean of the School of Pharmacy at Columbia University, urged druggists to drop purely commercial ventures and return to the high professional standards maintained by medical men.

"The druggist is rapidly losing the confidence of the public because he is trying to carry water on both shoulders. On the one hand, he wants to make money by selling sandwiches, liquor, toys, books, and anything else that might promise quick profits; while on the other hand he wishes to retain the goodwill and re-





A 24-page newspaper has 100,000 words  
—but only the alert see behind them.

spect of the public as a person of high standing in the medical profession.

"The two aims are incompatible. Many of the present-day troubles of the druggist are due to the fact that most druggists have not learned that glaring fact. When they do, and when they decide to drop their 'sandwich-man rôle' and become purely professional men, most of their troubles will vanish."

### 1,500 COOPERATIVE STORES ARE LAUNCHED DURING YEAR

During a 12-month period, more than 1,500 coöperatives have been organized throughout the country. The increase is continuing. Coöperatives originally bought chiefly gas and oil products. Now they are buying a wide variety of merchandise. Increases in such organizations among university students and faculties have been marked.

### COLOR PHOTOGRAPHY OPENS FIELD FOR YOUNG ARTISTS

#### Artists' Incomes Cut By the Camera

Photography is making such inroads into the field of illustration that illustrators are becoming increasingly worried about the outcome. Color photography especially is on the up-grade.

### COUNTY MANAGER PLANNED

ROCHESTER, N. Y.—With the hope of making Monroe the first to adopt the county manager form of government, backers of the reform movement flooded the city with petitions today.

The plan calls for election of a professional county manager . . . to take charge of all finances, fix salaries, prepare the budget, and direct three government departments, into which all activities will be merged.

### CURRENCY CONTROLLER SEES NEED FOR TRAINED BANKERS

WASHINGTON.—J. F. T. O'Connor, Controller of the Currency, said in his commencement address to graduates of the American Institute of Banking: "The need of trained minds in the banking field is becoming increasingly plain. The problems of credit, appraisal of assets as a basis of credit, the separation of depository function from the purely commercial long-term loan function of banks, investment counsel to patrons and the like, demand the best-trained minds for a proper solution."

"The banker of the future will be specially trained for the practice of his vocation and, as

time goes on, that training will give him more and more the status of a professional man. This tendency is in evidence now and inevitably will become stronger."

### EMPLOYMENT DECLARED TO BE RISING IN FINANCIAL HOUSES

Personnel directors report a rise in employment of from 10 to 15 per cent, the gain being limited because most firms had retained staffs large enough to handle business on 3,000,000-share days. The only increased recent demand has been for runners and exceptionally skilled stenographers and bookkeeping machine operators. Employment of additional runners is said to be temporary, as a rule, but good stenographers and machine operators receive permanent positions.

### GOLF IS BEGUN IN RUSSIA; AMERICAN TEACHES GAME

Moscow.—Golf, the rich man's game, is begun in proletarian Russia. Robert Miller, 3rd, of Massachusetts, drove the first golf ball on Soviet soil. Leonard Macomber, Chicago golf course architect, is here negotiating with Soviet authorities for building three courses in Moscow.

### SEE AMERICA FIRST

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.—Speakers before the convention of the American Hotel Association of the United States predict that the next ten years will see the greatest vacation touring in history.

(Ed Note: Travellers need hotels, wayside inns, good restaurants, roadside stands, guides, couriers, sightseeing bus-conductors, hosts and hostesses, cruise managers, cruise conductors . . .)

### CITY DWELLERS EYE COUNTRY

Throughout the country all-purpose week-end country clubs are sprouting up for city people seeking enjoyable leisure. To be successful, the clubs must possess large tracts of land of a highly diversified character, or streams, lakes, or ocean beaches.

For this reason large estates or forest areas are being requisitioned. Members are divided into groups or units according to their interests or vocations. Thus new members may at once find congenial friends and acquaintances.

### FORESTRY AS A CAREER

Arthur D. Read, a senior member of the Society of Foresters, has just published *The Profession of Forestry*. The newspaper reviewer

reports that "Any young man who loves an out-door life and who is trying to decide on a worth while life work could read with profit all that the author has to say . . . Every part of the work is thoroughly discussed, salaries for government positions are tabulated, as are also the salaries of teachers of the profession . . ."

A forester, the highest obtainable rank in the service, earns between \$8,000 and \$9,000 a year.

\* \* \*

And now for the young woman chemist, unemployed, who wrote me that she can't find a job, despite the opportunities reported in my recent *ROTARIAN* article, *Jobs in Test Tubes* (and for all other women chemists, too).

\* \* \*

### CHEMICAL INDUSTRY PREFERS MEN, OHIO SURVEY REVEALS

Professor Helen L. Wikoff, of Ohio University, recently made a survey of the outlook for women in chemistry. She reports that sex is barring women from jobs, despite unprecedented world activity in the science.

Professor Wikoff quotes one employer who says that he would rather hire a second-rate man than a first-rate woman. She advises young women of better than average ability to seek careers in the fields least attractive or suitable to men, and includes home economics with such related fields as dietetics, food chemistry, and the chemistry of textiles and dyes. And she reports that women are welcomed in library research and are usually enthusiastic about their work.

"In fact," she adds, "this is the only capacity in which women chemists are employed by many of the larger industrial concerns." "Today," declared Professor Wikoff, "most chemically trained women are employed as teachers of chemistry and allied branches."

\* \* \*

And now, how can young people make the most of the news?

1. By genuinely *reading* the daily papers, just for a change. We have too many young comic-strip artists, and too few thorough newspaper readers.

2. By subscribing to a top-notch metropolitan paper. I suggest *The New York Times* if possible, and I am not collecting commissions from the *Times* for selling it here this way, either. But it does a good job of giving full details of news from all over the country.

3. By reading local papers from many parts of the country when possible. Dozens of these are always on file in large public libraries.

4. By keeping a scrapbook of all information bearing on the careers the young people would like to consider.

5. In short, by becoming alert, well-informed citizens who recognize that wide information and the intelligent interpretation of news, not the job wants, ought to determine their successful careers.

For further details, see your daily newspaper.



## Silks Rustle in Will

By Leland D.

**I**F YOUR periwigged great, great, great grandfather ever journeyed to Williamsburg, proud capital of the proud Colony of Virginia, as did many a notable of his day, and tomorrow were to stroll down its Duke of Gloucester Street, he would observe few changes. Far fewer than you, were you to motor by after an absence of five years.

Gone are the false-front stores that you had seen, the filling stations, the billboards, the cross-armed poles that slung sagging wires and cables through a parkway down the center of the avenue. Gone, too, are those over-ornamented houses of Victorian vintage, and modern cement walks and curbs.

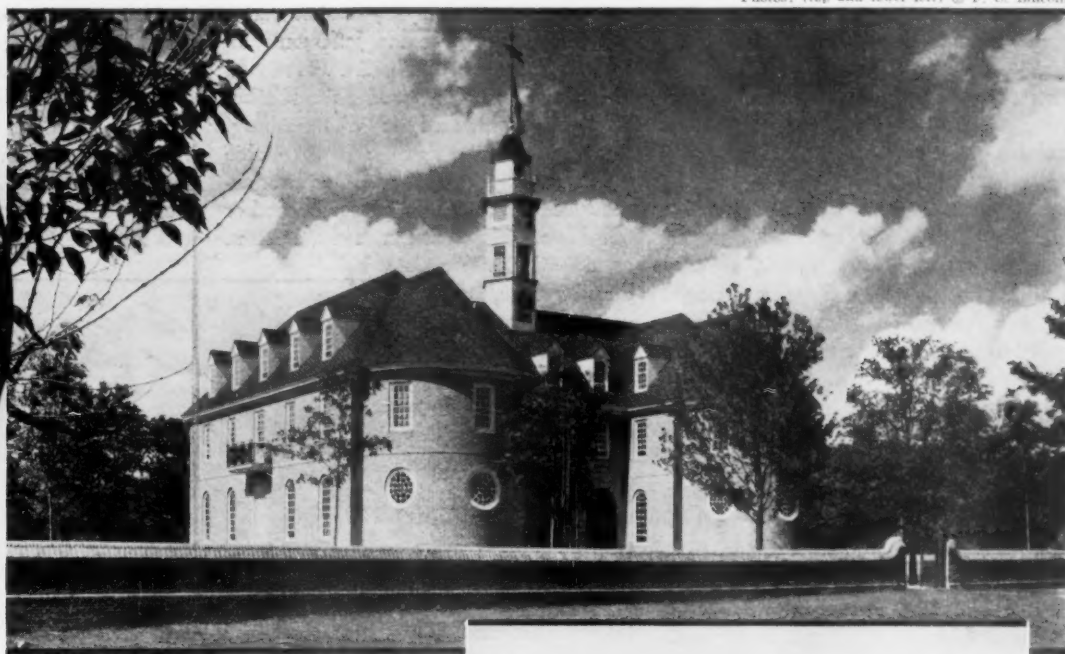
As nearly as human ingenuity—with \$14,000,000 from John D. Rockefeller, Jr., to spend—can make it, Williamsburg of 1936 is the Williamsburg of two centuries ago. And in that simple statement is a Cinderella tale of a dream of one man that has been so magnificently realized that he—the Reverend Dr. W. A. R. Goodwin—might be pardoned should he each morning remove his glasses, rub his eyes, and give himself a sharp pinch to make sure that he is not the victim of hallucination.

Williamsburg is a small city—and always has been. Even in the stirring days when the Royal Governor kept court here, its census totalled a scant 2,000, white and black. It was hardly larger in 1903, when Dr. Goodwin arrived as rector of

Lord Botetourt's statue, now at College (upper left), adorned right) until toppled by Revolution. Again ladies curtsy at the Governor's Palace. . . . Beneath modern business building, the foundation of the Raleigh Tavern (lower left) . . . Bricks used in Williamsburg were made in the Bruton Parish Church dates from







Photos: (top and lower left) © F. S. Lincoln

## Williamsburg Again

### land D. Case

statue, now at William and Mary  
left), adorned the Capitol (upper  
left) by Revolutionary hotheads . . .  
by at the Governor's Palace (circle).  
ern business buildings was found the  
Rough Tavern (left) now rebuilt  
Bricks used in the restoration at  
re made in the old way (right) . . .  
church dates from 1716 (lower right).

Bruton Parish Church, built in 1715. It is the oldest Episcopal church of the New World in continuous use, but what captured Dr. Goodwin's imagination was its successorship to an even older church on Jamestown Island, six miles away, where in 1607 was planted the first successful English colony in America.

Only a few bricks remain of the Jamestown church. Tourists glance at the pile, but stop to take snapshots of the statue of Pocahontas, the Indian maiden, who, persistent legend has it, saved Captain John Smith from her father's tomahawk—and married another man, John Rolfe. Few visitors realize that at "James City" in 1619, met the first representative legislative assembly in America, that the same year saw the first cargo of Negro slaves unloaded on these shores.

For 90 years, plucky Jamestown held out against famine, fire, Indian hatred, and, as yellowed documents note, "marsh fever" and mosquitoes, though no relationship between the two was sensed. Meanwhile, a six-mile log palisade had been built across part of the peninsula formed by the James and York Rivers, and at its highest point a settlement had grown up called Middle Plantation. To this salubrious spot, where clear and crystal springs burst from "dry and champagne land," so persuasive Governor Francis Nicholson said, the capital was moved in 1699.

Governor Nicholson, incidentally, deserves attention as Amer-





ica's first notable realtor, if we except Leif Ericson, who named his development Greenland thinking that a green land would attract iceweary Norse home-seekers. While Jamestown householders were packing carts and coaches for the trek to the new capital, the Governor named it Williamsburg as a *beau geste* to his royal patron, William III. He laid out streets and specified how far buildings should be set back, making Williamsburg one of the first planned cities in America.

A meandering horse trail was straightened to become the 99-foot wide Duke of Gloucester Street. It extends a mile, branching into a fork at either end to bracket William and Mary College on the west and the Capitol on the east. The Governor toyed with the idea of cutting streets to make a huge W and M as another gesture towards King William and his Queen Mary. But that proved impractical, so with gubernatorial modesty he compromised with streets parallel to the Duke of Gloucester named for himself, Francis and Nicholson.

Wealthy tobacco planters, from round about, responded to the flourish with which Williamsburg was born, and soon it became the social, commercial, political, religious, and educational center of a colony that liked to refer to William's kingdom as England, France, Ireland, and Virginia. These men suffered from no inferiority complex, as many a governor was to learn. They transplanted to the wilderness much of the cavalier pomp and state of Old England, setting the mould for a tradition of the Old South that Hollywood so loves to glorify in such films as *The Little Colonel*.

**D**OWN dusty, elm- and beech-lined Duke of Gloucester Street, grand dames in billowy gowns were carried in riding chairs. Liveried coachmen clucked to six-in-hands and, no doubt, cursed with gusto when wheels mired to the hub in wet Virginia clay. The Williamsburg scene was enlivened by the legislative season, fireworks, plays, slave auctions, cock fights, horse races, races from college-to-Capitol, and much good conversation.

Only 12 miles away, at Yorktown, the Revolution ended, and Washington led his victorious troops down old Duke of Gloucester Street. Tea-cup history appends a romantic note. As the Commander, astride his charger, pranced by one comely Mary Cary, she fainted and had to be revived with smelling salts. She had recognized the lean, land-poor surveyor from up Rappahanock way, whose suit, years before, she had not re-

quited because of parental objection.

Williamsburg's heyday waned after 1779, when, at Thomas Jefferson's instance, the seat of government was moved to Richmond. Very gently, the blanket of obscurity lowered on Williamsburg. Its elegance faded as the soil of tobacco plantations was exhausted. One after another of its fine buildings was burned or fell down. The War Between the States, as the Civil War is known here, surged over it, then left it to its memories, kept alive by white-haired ladies.

New generations that knew not Joseph arose, and welcomed the thin stream of modernization that trickled this way. Houses of a type equipped with what a famous architect described as a Queen Anne front and a Mary Ann behind, impinged on the Duke of Gloucester Street. Many mulberry trees, planted

a century before in an effort to establish the silk industry (but they were the wrong kind!) died. A galvanized iron movie house arose on the ancient common. A schoolhouse was erected on the site of the Governor's Palace, and a power plant hummed where once the formal garden had echoed to the click of bowling-on-the-green and gay talk of ladies and gentlemen.

But what especially irked Bruton Parish Church's new rector, back in 1903, was the room of the ancient edifice partitioned off for a Sunday school and similar latter day "improvements." Slowly he evolved an ambition to restore it in consonance with the quaintly engraved headstones in its yard and the baptismal font, brought from Jamestown, at which Pocahontas was christened. Patient effort succeeded, and by 1907 the church was as it had been, even to the loft pew in which W. and M. college boys were locked during services and into which they whittled initials during dull sermons.

Scholarly Dr. Goodwin was called to another parish, but he did not forget Williamsburg for he now envisioned nothing less than its complete restoration—some day. In 1925, he chanced to tell fellow members of Phi Beta Kappa, at a dinner in New York, about Williamsburg, where—says tradition—William and Mary collegians had organized that scholastic society at old Raleigh Tavern in 1776. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., was

present, and Dr. Goodwin invited him to visit Williamsburg. He came soon, and Dr. Goodwin, once again rector of Bruton Parish, unfolded his dream as they strolled through the ancient town.

Not long thereafter, many Williamsburg folk were amazed to have the opportunity to assign their property—at their own figure—to W. A. R. Goodwin and his wife Ethel. Now, it is unusual



*This vulcanizing shop shed two centuries of paint*

for a rector of a small church to be buying houses and lots wholesale. Rumors took wing. Speculators hurried to Williamsburg, but with ecclesiastic emphasis the rector announced that not until the judgment day would he buy a sod from a speculator. And the speculators moved on. Finally, at a public meeting, Dr. Goodwin divulged his secret.

Already, however, research experts were poring over archives in Europe and America for documents, inventories, letters, diaries, insurance policies—anything that would cast a beam of light on Williamsburg's past. No effort was too great or too expensive, Mr. Rockefeller had decided, to do the restoration job right. Soon the payroll of restoration organizations listed over 600 persons, and stayed at that figure for four years as architects, tree surgeons, surveyors, electricians, masons, carpenters went to work.

The story of how tradition and fact were pieced together jig-saw puzzle style to make the picture of the old city is almost too fantastic to believe. A case in point is the original building at William and Mary College, begun in 1695, and the only edifice in America designed by Sir Christopher Wren, famous for his St. Paul's Cathedral in London. Its walls had survived three fires and much remodelling. Research and exploratory work revealed meager evidence of its original form, but with information at hand restoration was begun. The task

was well along when from England came a cablegram that led to important changes in plans for the roof.

Almost 30 years before, an American historian had carefully noted that in the Bodleian Library, at Oxford, was a copperplate showing "Virginia Buildings probably in some town in Virginia or North Carolina." That slender clue led to re-discovery of the old plate. Dusty

that surveyors locating foundations of forgotten colonial buildings find his lines never more than a few inches in error.

The map was presented to William and Mary College some 40 years ago by a New York lawyer. He has since died, and with him all record of its history and of the unknown soldier draughtsman.

Pick and spade have turned up equally dramatic things. Guided by the *Frenchman's Map*, diggers have uncovered scores of foundations, many of which had been covered by houses, stores, even potato patches. Precisely the same techniques used in exploring ancient Hittite ruins were employed at Williamsburg, but with the businesslike efficiency of an automobile assembly plant. Dirt was sifted through a 1/4-inch screen, and every scrap of pottery and every fragment of a lock, hinge, key, clay

Apollo could make me, I never could have thought the succeeding sun would have seen me so wretched as I now am!"

The Raleigh well earned the name, "Cradle of Liberty." Here trooped members of the House of Burgesses when Governor Botetourt dissolved the body because of radical talk about such impossibilities as independence. It was a favorite rendezvous for planters. And suggestive of many a long-winded harangue on the price of tobacco and taxation without representation is a certain pewter soup plate in the common dining room. It is a plate within a bowl, the latter holding hot water to keep the soup warm until the argument be finished.

Fireplaces, tables, chairs, settles, pine floors, rugs, hand-wrought nails, chandeliers—everything at the Raleigh is bewilderingly authentic and complete. No raucous, uniformed guide takes you about; rather one of 17 silver-haired Williamsburg matrons who are hostesses at the restored buildings open to the public. She wears a bright blue, or maybe a purple or red, gown from a fashion plate of the 1700's. Her wide skirt has at the hips what an architect might call a set-back, and when she goes through a door a graceful gesture lifts the steel-framed pannier as an auto-gyro folds its wings. If you chance to be astir at 9 A. M., you'll witness the pageantry of the hostesses delivered to their stations for the day in an ancient coach, grinning, blue-and-buff costumed Negroes riding fore and aft.

The tap-room of the Raleigh is a man's room, replete with old prints, fowling pieces, mugs, and long-stem, church-warden clay pipes ready to be lighted with paper spills from the hearth. So vividly reminiscent is the place, that even a teetotaler can understand an incident here for the first time recorded in print.

John W. Davis, one time a candidate for the presidency, was being given a special tour by one of the restoration officials. At the door of the Raleigh, not then open to the public, he sniffed and what he smelled wasn't turpentine. In the tap-room, beside the fireplace, slouched the watchman, deep in his cups.

"Ahem," said Mr. Davis. "This is a most remarkable restoration. Not only have you recreated the atmosphere, but the aroma!"

**R**ESTORING the Governor's Palace brought surprises. Exploratory trenches revealed the outlines of the foundations, paths that once led—and again do—through boxwood-lined flower beds, a pond which once more has been discovered by migrating mallards, and a burial ground of truly unknown Revolutionary



Again to become an old-time apothecary's shop.

off, it revealed outlines not only of the Wren building at Williamsburg, but the Capitol and the Governor's Palace!

The plate had never been printed. The first conjecture was that it had been made for an encyclopedia, but very recently letters of William Byrd, founder of Richmond, have been turned up which would indicate that it had been engraved for a *History of Virginia* which he had started but had never completed. How the plate came to repose in the Bodleian Library, no one knows. Why it was discovered, only he whose blood carries the collector's virus can understand.

Another filip to wonderment is the sole surviving volume of Williamsburg's own records. When Yorktown was besieged by the Union army, during the Civil War, the alarmed town clerk at Williamsburg heaped the archives on a wagon and carted them to Richmond, there to be burned when that city was sacked in 1865. But as the old wagon had jolted its way through Chickahominy Swamp, this one volume slipped off, was later found and preserved.

Most useful to the restorers, however, is the *Frenchman's Map*. It was made by one of Lafayette's comrade-in-arms, evidently quartered in Williamsburg while awaiting his return to France. He was without benefit of surveyor's chain, for he paced the distances off—*Levé au pas . . . 11 Mai, 1782*—the document records. But so accurate were his steps,

pipe, nail, firearm, buckle, button, door knob, nail, brick, tile, or what-not has been garnered. Over 40 tons of such material—the weight of two locomotives—is the harvest.

When you visit Williamsburg next Summer, you will see scores of cases of the stuff in the old courthouse, now a museum. It may be junk to you, but to the eye of a restoration man the least scrap tells a long story. Nine pieces of carved marble, ranging in size from an egg to a pound of butter, for example, enabled an expert to reproduce an entire marble mantel in the Governor's Palace. And bits of a cream-colored dinner plate, traced through the Wedgewood factory in England, gave the clue to the china used at the Raleigh Tavern. Drop in at this inn, and you'll see a table spread with hand-spun, hand-woven linen, set with this creamy Queensware and authentic silverware.

And do spend some time at the Raleigh. It was built prior to 1735, was burned to the ground in 1859, but, thanks to the genie of research, has arisen from its ashes which had for decades been hidden under two modern store buildings. Today it is just as it was when Thomas Jefferson, a student at William and Mary, made merry in its Apollo room, and about which he penned these classic lines: "Last night as merry as agreeable company and dancing with Belinda (Rebecca Burwell of Carter's Grove) in the

soldiers. Not even the War Department at Washington knew of the cemetery, though the Palace had been a hospital during the siege at nearby Yorktown.

When the first skeleton was encountered, only 18 inches below what had been a baseball diamond, diggers were for calling the coroner. Further work, however, uncovered more—158 in all, two of them women. In the breast of one man was the fragment of a bayonet. Another had suffered amputation of both legs. The surgeon's saw had stopped a quarter inch short, the rest of the bone being broken by force. Few buttons were found, which suggests that the bodies were buried in blankets, a supposition eloquent of the scarcity of uniforms among the Continentals. Today, the bodies lie beneath a great weeping willow within a brick-walled enclosure.

The Palace, with its many out-buildings, including a kitchen now presided over by a cheerful colored mammy, was a marvel to all who visited it in the long ago. Europeans were astounded at this bit of stately elegance in the New World. Royal Governors entertained lavishly, often seating 50 at dinner. At one fête, more than 400 were served. Small wonder that the remonstrance went back to England in 1718 against "lavishing away" the taxpayer's money.

Restoration of the Capitol was relatively easy, for printed statute books describe the structure and its furnishings in detail, even to the brass tacks that held a red fringe on the green serge-covered benches. The building is complete, save one exception—the marble statue of the colony's favorite governor, Lord Botetourt. It stood in the piazza that connected the two wings of the venerable building, until local hotheads, fired with Revolutionary fervor, toppled it, breaking that worthy's nose. Today the effigy stands on the campus of William and Mary, nose still battered.

The student of American history will tarry long at the Capitol. The rooms are precisely as they were. Here Patrick Henry, that wild ne'er-do-well from the hinterland, whose oratory convinced William and Mary authorities that he should be allowed to practice law though he had studied but six weeks, swayed the House of Burgesses with his most famous speech. "... If this be treason, make the most of it!" Quills stand in pewter inkwells beside sandpots used for blotting. The illusion is so complete one has the impression that legislators have just retired—to sup, perhaps, at the Raleigh.

On the second floor in high state met the Council, comparable to the English House of Lords. They made laws which

they, as judges, interpreted in the court room below. Perhaps the mere physical propinquity of the two rooms crystallized the dissatisfaction that led to the distinctively American differentiation of the executive, legislative, and judicial functions of government. . . . History is written in large letters in Virginia's old capitol.

A short space away is the old jail, recently restored. To it were brought cohorts of Blackbeard, the pirate, and also the British Governor of the Northwest, Henry Hamilton, taken prisoner at Fort



*Rotarian Kenneth Chorley, president of Colonial Williamsburg, Inc., who supervised the historic restoration.*

Vincennes, now in Indiana, by George Rogers Clark in 1779. His diary describes his cell, which happens to be a part of the jail that has survived. When laths and plastering of later occupancy were removed, workers discovered the deeply worn 18-inch slot through which the food, that vexed him so, was shoved. Though the "gaol" had its whipping post, pillory, and shackles, it may or may not be significant that one of its keepers, Peter Pelham, was also organist at Bruton Parish Church.

What amazes many a Williamsburg visitor is the color used on interiors and exteriors of houses. Often it is as bright as the bloom of the crepe myrtle trees that abound. White has been so long accepted as "colonial," that not even the eldest of the grey-haired ladies could remember another. Often, when as many as eight to ten coats of paint are scraped away, the original color is revealed a red or a blue. And in one instance, it took tact and special pleading on the part of a young architect, courting the daughter of a woman whose house was to be restored, to prove with a jackknife that the fireplace mantel wasn't always white—or "at least cream."

Research has acquainted Williamsburg with a long forgotten flora. A holly hedge, for example, was eyed askance by garden-club ladies until an ancient letter was adduced to show that such was known to the city more than a century ago. Books and bricks aided mightily in restoring old buildings, but formal gardens, for which the town once was famed, left few marks. But here they are today—planted with trees and shrubs and flowers in patterns adapted from the best examples of a hundred old Virginia gardens meticulously photographed and studied by landscape experts.

Williamsburg is not a dead Pompeii. Though 442 modern buildings have been razed, 67 old ones restored, and 87 rebuilt on old foundations, the town is no mere museum. Business is carried on in a section of the Duke of Gloucester Street in Tidewater Virginia Colonial shops that carry a rich hint for the modern town planner. Many of the restored old houses are occupied by Williamsburg folk who lease them from the restoration, very much as do the shopkeepers. Some residents sold their homes with a life tenancy reservation. Life here moves on much as it has for decades, a bit faster, perhaps; more proudly, certainly.

Visitors are coming daily. School men want to see the old college founded in 1693, second oldest in America and ranking next to Harvard in point of age. W. and M. pioneered with the first law school in the country, the first school of education, and was the first to inaugurate an honor system for students.

Down the Duke of Gloucester Street one of the first print shops in Dixie was set up in 1730. On Francis Street was erected in 1773 the first state-supported hospital in America for the exclusive care of the insane. Just off the Palace Green was built the first theater (1716), and hard by another (1751) which Washington is known to have attended five nights in one week. Bruton Parish Church, Raleigh Tavern, the Palace, the Capitol, the old apothecary shop . . . the history-laden list is much longer.

Dr. Goodwin's dream has come true. Williamsburg is the answer of a public spirited philanthropist to the challenge that "a land without a memory is the land without a hope."

It has taken \$14,000,000 to do it. But remember when you visit Williamsburg, perhaps next Summer en route to Rotary's convention at Atlantic City, what one grizzled native told a sight-seer.

"It ain't the brickbats what goes into these bungaloos that makes 'em cost. It's the arch-ihookery."

Quite likely he meant *archaeology*.



# Three Views on Movies and The Public

## 1. Effects on the World's Children

By Dr. Luciano de Feo

Director, International Educational Cinematographic Institute (Rome)

**T**ODAY, seated in comfortable chairs in the modern movie palaces or theaters, audiences are transported on a "magic carpet," as it were, to foreign countries and strange places. The news-reel brings the current events of the entire world to one's door. Adventurous cameramen go everywhere in search of film copy, while imaginative producers seem to be afraid of no difficulties in their effort to provide entertainment for the millions and millions who compose the cinema audiences of the world. New York, Chicago, and San Francisco are brought nearer to Rome, and Rome is seen at Tokio and Shanghai simultaneously.

One of the most important problems which those interested in the motion picture as an educational force have had to face is its influence on children's minds and on those of young people. It is to this aspect that I confine this paper.

The symposia of a social character conducted by the I.I.E.C. (International Institute of Educational Cinematography\*) have touched various points on which experts have failed to agree. In one case it was sought to trace the matter of *frequency of attendance*, that is, the intensity with which children and young people are accustomed to attend cinematographic projections. Other points which it was desired to establish were the *reactions* coming to children and young peo-

ple from certain types of pictures, as, for instance, war films, the *preferences* of children and minors in connection with different types of films, the occasional suggestions of *morality* or *immorality* in cinema projections.

The *reactions* were often most unexpected. In the matter of war films, it was discovered that, instead of a sense of disgust and horror for this formidable human tragedy and all its manifestations, the small cinema frequenters, for the most part, considered these war films as exaltations of heroism and patriotism.

It is estimated that, in London, about 30 per cent of the children attend the cinema once a week; 9 per cent go twice a week, 48 per cent attend at irregular intervals, and 13 per cent do not go to the pictures at all. On the other hand, in Dundee, Scotland, about 80 per cent

of the children have been listed as movie-goers, attending at least once a week. In Edinburgh, the average is 69 per cent, and in Birkenhead, 45 per cent. In Edinburgh, it was found that, for obvious reasons, the children of the socially more prosperous classes tended to go to the movies less frequently than do the poorer children.

In the United States, inquiries have established the weekly attendance at the cinemas as being about 11,000,000 boys and girls under 14 years of age, and about 28,000,000 under 21.

In Japan, an inquiry in 120 schools in 10 of the large cities showed no very high figures of frequency of attend-



Shirley Temple and an admirer from elephant-land, Siam. He is Rotary District Governor, Prince Purachatra.

Photo: Fox Film Corp.

ance, the same being true of Denmark.

To assess the moral and mental effect of the cinema upon children is difficult in spite of, or perhaps on account of, the vast amount of information which arrives from all parts of the world. Of noteworthy importance, however, is a section of a report presented by the Social Questions Section of the League of Nations to the International Educational and Instructional Cinema Congress held in Rome. The report in question sums up the results of inquiries in some 40 countries.

From the standpoint of the mental development of children, the educational cinema is a double-edged weapon. The value of the illustration or repetition by cinematography of some previous lesson is fully recognized. Nevertheless, an imprudent use of the motion picture may lead to superficiality of knowledge, lack of concentration, and even fatigue with consequent inattention. Teaching by films in fact is a method which teachers must learn to handle.

The intellectual development of children is affected by all the entertainments they attend. Films which have no educational aim react upon the mental structure gradually, just as drops of water finally wear away a hole in rock. The slightest deviations from logic, the least distortion of the truth, hardly perceptible exaggerations in the strict sequence of events may, by repetition, cause irreparable harm. They may also undermine the child's artistic and literary feeling and culture. It is a fact that the children and young people of today often prefer the comic effects of animated drawings to all other shows. They prefer to see a film based upon a classic rather than read that classic for themselves. They prefer the mimicry and particular gestures of the film artist to the talent of a great actor or musician. It may be said, of course, that in every age the form of entertainment is that fitted to the mentality of the people. But man is only a continuation of the child, so that the question arises: Have the tastes of the children been directed into the proper channels?

The moral and psychological influence of the cinema on children and young people is immense for various reasons, among them the following: (a) the absolutely "passive" condition of the spectator, who merely sits and watches; (b) the simplification of ideas owing to the elimination of all constructive or deductive mental effort entailed by witnessing a play or by reading; (c) the violence of the impression produced by objective scenes presented to the spectator without any call whatsoever on his imagination; (d) the rapid succession of events and the complete absence of intervals between them, during which time excitement has time to die down and reason regains its hold; (e) the pleasure which children experience in seeing people give way to instincts which they have been taught to suppress when the actors do things which the child's conscience or the law forbids him to do, or when he witnesses adventures of which he would love to be the hero, but into which he has not the courage or the hardihood to plunge.

In countless cinemas throughout the world, the latent feelings of young children are being violated daily; the germs of future ruin of souls are being bred. On the other hand, sometimes the seeds of fine and noble thoughts are being sown in fertile soil. But it is all pure chance, and to leave the development of a child's personality to chance is an offense against the human mind, the consequences of which may

adversely affect the whole of the human society.

How can these defects be remedied? By some form of censorship? By special performances for children and young people? By the production of special films? By measures restricting the attendance of children at cinemas?

These are problems which call for very careful consideration.

The disputes which have raged around systems of censorship have considered, among other things, if it is better and more logical, for social ends, to apply a form of State censorship or censorship by organs directly dependent on the State, or by private bodies similar to that form of control exercised for police motives by organs, bodies, associations, or other institutions whose purpose is the safeguarding of social morality.

Today opinions continue to be at variance, which leads us to ask what solution of the question should be chosen: that which considers the State as the universal tutor of its citizens and sees that no harm comes to their moral and social life, or that theory which considers citizens, who have reached adult age, as capable of looking after themselves, of defending themselves, without any intervention on the part of the State.

The matter is a difficult one, and will perhaps require time before a definite solution is forthcoming. We can, however, give opinions from several different countries.

According to the English, the morally questionable element in films is ignored by children of school age, and in fact it bores them. It may do harm in particular cases, but there appears to be no widespread mischief. The younger children imitate for a time in their play what they have seen on the films, but these external evidences of film influence are usually fugitive and confined strictly to play. Some children absorb film knowledge which seems to be kept in a mental compartment used in school only when an appropriate stimulus is applied.

With regard to intensely dramatic and exciting pictures, Sir Herbert Samuel, former Home Secretary of Great Britain, in commenting on the cinema and juvenile crime has stated:

There are some who think that the cinema is another factor in contributing in that direction (crime) especially among the young; but there is much diversity of opinion as to that. . . . My expert and experienced advisors at the Home Office are of the opinion that, on the whole, the cinema conduces more to the prevention of crime than to its commission. It keeps boys out of mischief and gives them something to think about. . . . In general, the Home Office is of the opinion that if the cinema had never existed, there would be more crime than there is, rather than less. . . .

Inquiries conducted in America (Motion Picture Research Council) have led to the following conclusions:



*Mickey Mouse, the good-cheer ambassador to the world is welcomed by the British Lion.—A cartoon from Punch.*

In general, the amount of information gained from motion pictures by children is very great; that a single picture may produce a change in attitude; that the influence of pictures on attitude is cumulative, and that these effects are substantially permanent; that the influence of motion pictures in arousing and stimulating emotions is considerable; that frequent attendance at unsuitable pictures was held to have a detrimental effect on children's health; that pictures have a general influence on conduct and the informal guidance of children.

It is easier, however, to ascertain what children all over the world like in the way of films than to determine the influence films have upon them. Detailed inquiries conducted in many countries, including the symposia organized by the I.I.E.C., reveal that the tastes of children are strikingly similar throughout the world. Thus we learn that:

Boys like adventure films and girls prefer romances.

The most popular types of films among boys, in order of importance, appear to be adventure and "Westerns," comedies, and mysteries. The least popular among boys are, in the order given, educational films, tragedies, romances, and war films.

Girls, as stated before, prefer romances. Next best, they like comedies, "Westerns," and trag-

edies. They care little for adventure, educational films, and least of all for war films.

The creations of Walter Disney—Mickey Mouse, etc.—are appreciated by children as well as by grown-ups in all countries. They have been rightly characterized as "works of genius" in a League of Nations report.

**T**HE reports which come from England agree with the inquiries carried out in other countries (such as the United States, Italy, France, Spain, Belgium, according to the I.I.E.C. inquiries). This shows again that, despite differences due to surroundings and spiritual atmosphere, it is possible to establish a certain uniformity in these ideas and tendencies among the nations of the world.

We thus learn from British sources:

Cowboy films are popular at all ages, but more popular with boys than with girls. War and adventure are very popular with boys. With girls war films are unpopular, but adventure films are popular. Comedy or farce films, as such, are not placed very high in order of children's preferences. Romance or love story films are definitely disliked by boys.

There is, we see, a certain diversity which is chiefly reflected in the classification of the films preferred, but which shows, actually, that the essential elements of understanding and preference remain more or less constant, whatever the age or sex of the spectator.

In the question of age limits for the exclusion of the public from cinema halls, data is available as the result of an inquiry published in the pages of *The Review* of the I.I.E.C. that was made with the help of various governments.

Some states indicate 18 as the age limit, others 16 or 14 for the purposes of exclusion from cinemas. In some countries there are no precise limits, and the matter is left to the discretion of the police or censorship authorities to decide case by case. Such bodies are charged with the task of pointing out such films as can be considered as being suitable for projection before young people, and indicating which pictures may enjoy universal projection. Other countries have still lower age limits for permission to enter cinemas. For instance, the age limit which bars entry to cinemas in Turkey is 12 years, and six years or 10 for Portugal, according as the children are accompanied or not.

Much discussion has turned on this point of whether there is danger for children and adolescents in this eventuality, and if direct State intervention or protection for children is necessary. There is no unity of opinion among the

various nations as to whether or not the authority of the government should impose restrictions of this kind. Some countries think that it is necessary to stimulate the intervention and sense of responsibility of the parents by demonstrating to them the dangerous consequences that can derive from immoral and suggestive films or films that incite to criminal actions, so that the parents, warned through the agency of special associations or institutions charged with this task, themselves choose the films which their offspring should see without running any risk of harm to their minds and spirits.

In any event, there is no doubt, and the fact is proved by the various inquiries and symposia organized in every part of the world, that the cinema can have a beneficent or harmful influence on children's moral health, and even on their very lives. It can disarrange their mental development and disorganize the rational mechanism of their psychological and sentimental reactions.

The means which we possess today for fighting this evil are insufficient altogether. If the motion picture is undoubtedly one of the loftiest agents for helping on the progress of science and culture, it must be accompanied by those collateral and integrating elements which

can indicate to the rising generations the real ideals of our life, those ideals of mutual comprehension, reciprocal respect and accord between individuals and peoples.

We must therefore do all in our power to see that the *non-educational*, or little educational part of cinematography, with its forms and suggestions of immorality, and its incitements to crime or hatred, disappears as quickly as possible.

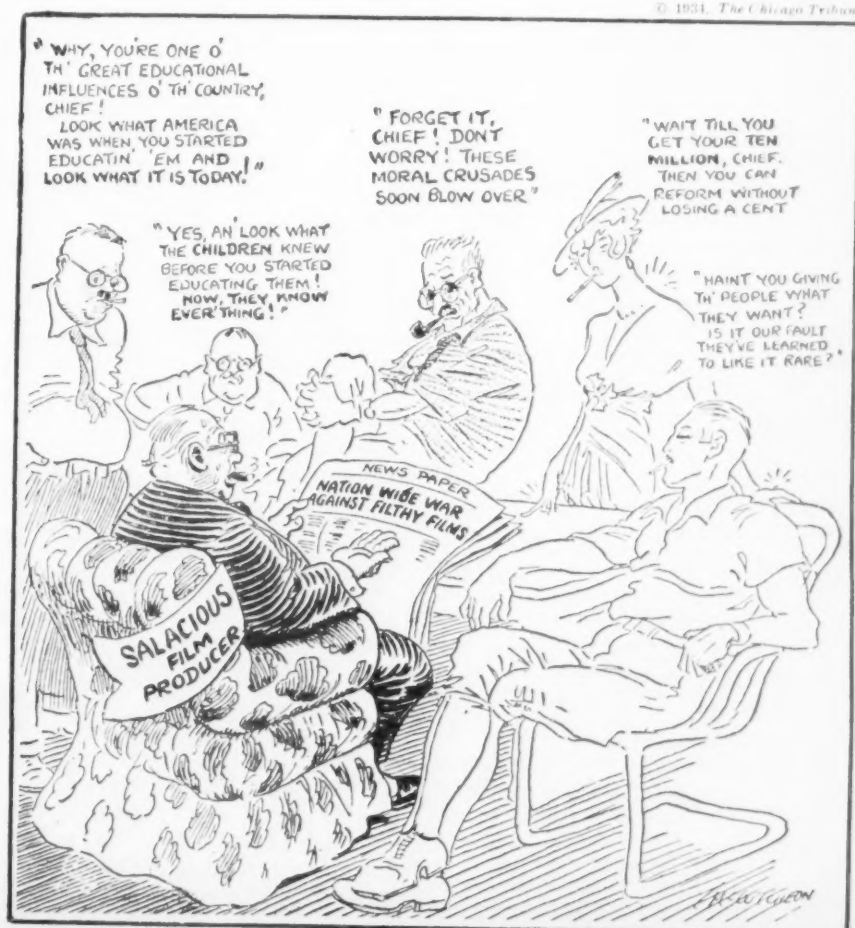
## 2. A Candid Essay from an American

By Arthur W. Bailey

Clergyman, Winsted, Connecticut

**T**HE nub of the matter is the fact that recreation is primarily for public advantage and enjoyment rather than for private profit. The commercial use of the play instinct has often interfered with the wholesome exercise of the play impulse. Our public entertainments should be regulated by the public interest rather than by the money-profit of the few.

The making and renting of films, the whole industry in its varied aspects, is a legitimate business. It has as much right to organize itself for profitable conduct as any other business. The idea



Cartoon comment on the League of Decency's drive for better motion pictures, which was begun in 1934.



of its "Will Hays Organization"—The Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America, Inc.—is proper and sensible in itself. All these rights must be protected by the public and the people who work to promote improvement in the pictures.

But the rights of the people must be protected far more than they have been by the industry and its organization. It is growing into a conviction of an increasing number of people that some sort of regulation, not of the details of the business, but of the moral, social, and artistic principles on which the details will be worked out by the industry, must soon be established by the people.

This need not be a board of censors to criticize, cut, or taboo films which have been made at considerable expense. It might take the form of a motion picture commission run by the central government to operate permanently in the public interest, to specify *the principles* of desirable motion picture entertainment upon scenario-writers, actors, and stage directors *before* the scenarios are written or the films made. It is necessary to have some such governmentally controlled commission which can break up what has grown into a colossal trust, of a few men, which controls not only the production of films, but also the distribution of them to the local theaters by the "booking systems," and by the ownership or control of many local theaters in great chains.

This necessity is evidenced by the injunction granted by Judge Welsh in the Federal District Court of Philadelphia early in 1935 against nine large picture companies. He is reported to have said:

"That by reason of the tremendous concentration of resources that are in the power and control of these defendants, they are able absolutely to dictate their own terms and conditions on which any exhibitor may do business with them."

**T**HE public-be-damned attitude is apparent in the statement of the counsel for these companies who said in appealing the case that the judge had no business to consider the public's interest.

Now the public does not intend to be damned. It has gained considerable information about the subject from the reports of careful investigation by the Motion Picture Research Council, Dr. Fred Eastman, and several other individuals. It has been aroused by women's clubs, parent-teacher associations, and more recently by the League of Decency, to the expression of its deliberate judgment. It is demanding that the common practice



*Grace Moore, who has popularized operatic singing in the films.*

Photo:  
Columbia Pictures

of including in motion pictures much which encourages vice and crime be stopped. It wants in their place films which amuse, entertain, and thereby benefit the people.

Motion pictures have, and have had from their beginning, many good qualities. It is a pleasure to stress and applaud them. Many films are funny. The public enjoys them, pays its money to see them, is disappointed when it does not see them, definitely wants more of them. Audiences shake with laughter when viewing animated cartoons. The ridiculous antics of Mickey Mouse, the escapades of Our Gang, the laugh-provoking incidents in *Anne of Green Gables*, and scores of other pictures take us out of the serious into the amusing. They make us forget national depression and personal problems for the time, so that we are better prepared to face their realities again. That is good for us all. Bring on the laughs!

By many films, the finer aesthetic sense is aroused, fed, and exercised. Beautiful scenery is frequently a picture's background, scenery which most of us have never seen and will never be able to see in the original. It pleases us. The full-color films of Fitzpatrick's *Travel-talk*, *The Grand Canyon*, and the newly-released *Becky Sharp*, are beautiful illustrations of this service of the pictures. We like to see handsome faces, pretty clothes, good physiques, beautiful estates, and superior cars in the pictures even

though we do not have them or seldom see them in fact.

The deeper satisfactions of seeing good acting and hearing good music are often aroused as we watch a sound picture. Not merely because they get more money do most of our best actors and actresses play for the silver screen. The money is freely paid them because the people want to see them act and can do so for less money on the screen than on the stage.

Information is supplied to us easily and pleasantly by pictures. Historic, geographic, and scientific facts are placed before us in agreeable form. Personalities, voices, and manners of people about whom we have read are given to us by newsreels daily, so that we can more thoroughly become acquainted with the notables of the earth. People and places and customs of other nations and races the world over and of past ages are introduced to us in agreeable fashion so that we can become familiar with them and think more easily in terms of world interest. Such pictures help considerably in Rotary's attainment of its Fourth Object. Some films teach history just as historical novels do. *The House of Rothschild* and *The Barretts of Wimpole Street* are classic examples. And we have just begun this valuable use of motion pictures in the instructional aspects of education in the realms of history, science, and literature.

The pictures do us the good service of increasing our interest in and enjoyment

of good literature. To millions of people the film, *David Copperfield* has clothed with flesh and blood, made vital with the spoken voice, David, dear old Peggotty, Micawber, and the infamous Uriah Heap. Louisa Alcott's Beth, Jo, and Amy were taken out of the nearly exclusive possession of adolescent girls and given to the wider circle of young, middle-aged, and old by the film *Little Women*. Similar service has been rendered by hundreds of films based on novel-classics and other hundreds of short-lived stories of romance and adventure. A surprising thing is that such films have caused people to read again, or for the first time, the novels on which they are based, thereby giving double enjoyment and advantage.

Great unused and partly used possibilities of clean entertainment stand ready for this marvellous agency of entertainment. I am not thinking about "uplift," but about plain, wholesome entertainment which causes relaxation and enjoyment, makes us laugh and forget for the time the actual problems and difficulties of our work. This *can* be done without any suggestiveness or vulgarity, crime, or deceptive inanity.

I am not standing for what is dubbed "highbrow stuff," though during the last few months the public has had opportunity to see many interesting films which might be termed so by the slap-stick type of fan. And the theaters were filled to

capacity when such films were shown. There has been a notable improvement in moral tone and real worth of the films shown since the protests of millions of us against indecency caused the producers to pay unaccustomed heed to the voice of the people. That improvement has been accompanied by increase of box-office receipts. This is an interesting commentary on the producers' boast that they "knew what the public wanted!"

What, then, needs to be changed, eliminated, corrected in a film diet? Specifically, what does a somewhat aroused public want? And now as the enthusiasm of the present crusade wanes, as the fire of all reform movements inevitably does, what will the child-loving, fun-loving, health-seeking citizens continue to require?

Before answering these questions, let us place underneath the subject three basic facts: First, we grow to be like that which we think about. Second, the human mind and spirit are subject to the contagion and infection of disease germs just as is the body, and therefore must be protected by quarantines, preventive social legislation, and eternal vigilance at the source of supply. Third, talking pictures work through and appeal to both the eye and the ear. Whether that power be for good or ill depends on the type and spirit of the picture.

With these facts before us, our common-sense conclusion is that whatever

in the pictures benefits the human being and society, its health, happiness, or character, should be retained and increased. Whatever injures the human being or society should be eliminated or corrected. Following the urge to make as much money as possible by giving "what the people want" with less regard for the long-time effects upon society, the producers have actually included in films much which should have been kept out. The public will benefit, and I believe the producers will profit, from the elimination of racial unfairness and misrepresentation, inanity, overstrain of nerves, over-emphasis of sex and indecent suggestiveness, and the tendency to romanticize and to glorify the criminal.

**I**NANITY is found chiefly in short features, but also in longer ones. They often deal with stupid nothingness; they are not interesting; their jokes are cheap; they present a vapid idea of life. Few people like them. Young people are bored by them. Nobody is entertained by them. Their scenarios are amateurish, their music hollow, their acting poor. And their general effect is bad. Often they are shown just before good pictures. They do not stir us up with disgust or indignation; they are just saltless, tasteless, empty.

How much longer will the industry force them upon us? Only so long as we submit to them. No longer.

Pictures which overstrain the nerves have already diminished. The Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde type soon passed. But there are still too many of the type which frighten children and emotionally upset some young people and more adults. We are living at a strenuous pace. The tension of work, social life, and depressing conditions are already heavy. We seek entertainment to relax. Part of that entertainment comes from thrills. We want thrills—and they are good for us. Motion pictures must provide some thrills.

The industry, knowing this, has increased the percentage of thrills and the degree of them until a super-diet of thrills resulted. Now thrills are like seasoning to food. The super-diet has given us too much pepper, horse-radish, and tabasco sauce, and too little food for our emotions. The result is an emotional debauch whose effects, often subconscious, last hours or days as parents are often aware.

Intelligently supervised correction of this defect *can* be made without endangering the real value of thrilling episodes of mystery, Western, and adventure pictures. Sex is, and always will be, a great,



*David Copperfield and Peggotty in the cinema version of Dickens' story.*

Photo:  
Metro-  
Goldwyn-  
Mayer

wholesome, interesting, wonderful fact in life. A wise Creator has made it so. Love stories have been universal in life since Eve in Eden and Helen of Troy. Sex must always be a theme of the picture industry. But the perversion of sex must be kept out of it. *It has not been kept out.*

Often it has run riot. The triangle has long been the prevailing complex of scenario writers. Indecency, vulgarity, the risqué, the sexually suggestive have driven millions of people away from picture theaters in a protest which has too often been silent. It is, however, gaining volume. Recalling that we grow like what we think about, we know that it is unhealthy for any of us to think much of the time or be reminded often of sex facts and forces, especially of abuse of sex.

**T**HE whole treatment of this important aspect of human life by the picture industry needs a thorough overhauling, more thorough than it has had, a remodelling free from prejudice and from commercialism. It should be based upon scientific knowledge of physical, psychological, and spiritual effects and laws—in short, on the principle of the greatest good to the greatest number.

The seriousness of crime conditions has led to serious thinking about its causes and its prevention. The causes are many and complex. The revelations of very careful investigations of the effects of crime pictures upon juveniles has led some people to conclude that crime should not be presented at all in the moving pictures.

I do not agree with that conclusion. Crime is a fact, a common fact, in human life. Reports of it are legitimate news in which we have a worthy interest, provided the reports of it are not overstressed nor distorted. Crime has a rightful place in pictures other than news reels.

Other people hold that successful crime should not be pictured, that it "is all right if it comes out right," and the criminal is caught and punished. I cannot agree with that conclusion either, because the suggestion of crime has been made to the mind whether the particular crime is successful or not. It is easy for the youth with subnormal mentality (plenty of whom see the pictures) to think he could succeed where the pictured youth failed.

But whatever our opinion on these questions, there is a mighty and growing conviction that *pictures must not be*

*allowed to glorify the criminal or romanticize the crime.* Gangster pictures have set many boys and girls to thinking about crime. They have made law-breaking appear attractive and easy. Unwittingly, perhaps, they have wrapped evil-doing in glamour. Many movies, under the guise of realism, show so much of the technique of crime that they become lessons in car-stealing, banditry, murder, burglary, and seduction. That these lessons have been learned and put into action is a fact well established by competent observers and investigators.

Crime pictures must be corrected by the principle that "entertainment is primarily for public advantage and enjoyment rather than for private profit." Millions of parents, teachers, juvenile court officers, and leaders in moral and spiritual nurture want those changes made in the films at their source.

Great improvements have been made in the pictures which have been provided by the producers since a partly aroused public expressed its desires and indignations. This amelioration indicates that further improvements *can* be made if you and I become vocal in our sentiment and insist that the cinema be produced and distributed for the benefit of society rather than for the profit of a few individuals.

### 3. The Position of the Film Producer

*By Ned E. Depinet*

*President, RKO Distributing Corp.*

**I**T MAY not have occurred to those who watch, in amazement, the growing importance of the motion picture as a fac-

tor in life, that the first persons to realize the educational and cultural implications of the films were the men who make and sell them.

While those who are now urging that the screen further usurp the duties and privileges of the school and the pulpit were still haughtily refusing to attend the derided "movies" of the early days—while the men and women who now review and comment on them for the press were still in grade school—the men actively engaged in the motion picture industry knew full well the power for good or evil which their new medium could exert. They had learned it first hand, by watching the millions of men, women, and children pouring through the doors of the theaters to be entertained by the strange new films that moved.

From the moment Edison's first groping experiment with the kinetoscope flickered on a primitive screen, the motion picture industry's first duty to its public—and to its share-holders—has been to entertain. Yet the industry has never lost sight of the vital fact that while being entertained this vast audience could be instructed in every form of human life and thought, that its cultural level could be raised, and its taste improved.

Not even the most captious critic of the motion picture, in these advanced days, denies that the product of our studios, created by the finest artists and most skilled craftsmen the world can furnish, has immeasurably increased the taste of the people in many ways—in dress, house furnishings, decoration, and architecture, to name but a few.

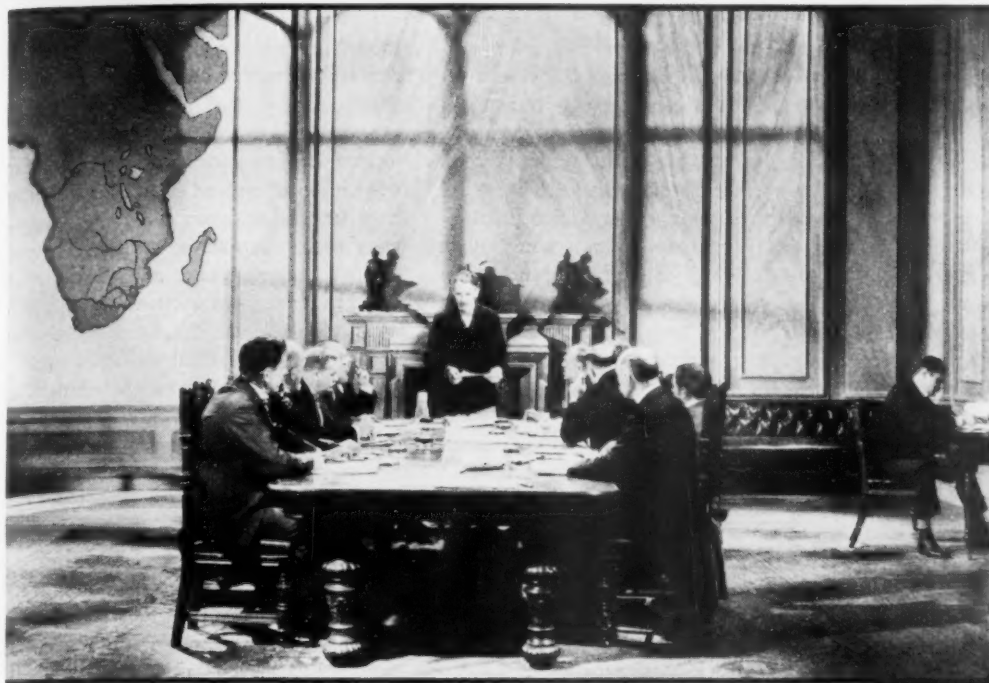
But before discussing further some aspects of the motion picture as a social

Photo: Radio Pictures (Alex Kahle)



*Taking sound pictures "on the lot" at glamorous Hollywood. The young lady is popular Katharine Hepburn.*





Photos: (above) Gaumont-British; (right) Paramount

Biography is a favorite field for motion pictures. This scene is from a film made in Britain, depicting the career of South Africa's builder of empire, Cecil Rhodes.

Producing films is a complicated task. On boards such as this are kept current records of the progress of each picture, and information on casts, directors, and so on. No detail is ignored.



force in modern life, let us examine briefly the nature of this strange, intricate business which furnishes amusement for millions—75 millions each week in America alone.

The motion picture business is at once the simplest and most complex the ingenious mind of man could conceive.

Its merchandising set-up is elemental. The film producer is the manufacturer, his distributing organization the wholesaler, the theater-owner the retailer, and every man and woman the potential customers. In the United States, the producer's pictures play in from one-third to two-thirds of the 15,000 motion picture theaters that constitute his market. In all the larger theaters the producer's films play on a percentage of the theater's receipts, which means that he must depend for his revenue on the direct box-office returns.

**T**HERE is, in addition, the great world market, from which comes no inconsiderable portion of a picture's return on its investment. Here the first production problem intrudes, for every one of the approximately 500 feature films created in Hollywood each year must be made with as much universal appeal as possible. The problems it presents must be understood in Europe—its comedy must, if possible, be able to make a Rumanian peasant laugh.

It is when we turn to the production of motion pictures that we find complexities which would seem insurmountable to the lay mind.

There is no formula for making successful motion pictures. They do not

come out of an assembly room on a moving belt. On the other hand, every one of the 50 feature films a major company may produce each year presents a separate and distinct business and artistic problem. Each must be sold to the retailer and to the public not only separately, but in a different way. Instead of one or two selling campaigns a year, the motion picture producer and distributor must plan 50, and wage them with every ounce of force and ingenuity at his command.

Moreover, the making and selling of screen entertainment is a business with artistic overtones. Sometimes the creative minds must clash with the counting room. Temperamental talents in the studios must work hand in hand with level-headed men of business. Then, too, the product of this strange industry is as perishable as the vegetables which come to your table. Yesterday's motion picture—with notable exceptions—may be as dead as yesterday's newspaper.

The industry is at the mercy of the whims of the public—and the public, as the late Oliver Herford said of his wife, has a whim of iron. Gauging and following the public taste as closely as possible, the producer finds that the type of picture which succeeded yesterday fails today—much to his astonishment—and sorrow. The motion picture business is filled with such imponderables. It is intricate, exasperating, heartbreaking—and fascinating in the highest degree.

The general public is all too apt to forget that the motion picture producers are possessed of artistic pride—that they are genuinely anxious to bring out

the very finest films within the power of their organizations, and are inordinately proud of those pictures which are hailed by press and public as masterpieces of the craft.

The motion picture industry bears two weighty loads. On one shoulder, it carries its business obligation to its army of investors, entitled to a fair return on their huge vote of financial confidence. On the other, it carries, with equal concern, its well-understood duty to the millions of men, women, and children who look to it for entertainment. It must furnish them with the best that is humanly possible. This double burden is not a light one. To entertain this stupendous audience—rural and urban, sophisticated and simple—is a tremendous task, and the industry is far from

ashamed of the way it is meeting its various challenges today.

And what is the pleasure of the public of 1936 in screen entertainment?

Even to those of us who for years have been watching the phenomenon from the vantage point of the insider, the growth of public taste and appreciation in the field of the films is astounding.

We remember the earliest days when mere movement on the screen awed and delighted the audiences of the "nickelodeons"—a horse running, a train flashing past the camera. We lived through an era of the most elemental stories. We saw the silent screen reach its highest form of development, until the motion picture suddenly found a voice. For a time, photographed plays were sufficient.

**T**HEY soon palled, however, and now has come the dawn of a new day, with the development of a brilliant technique of screen writing. It stresses terse, economical dialogue, and vivid, expressive action—for the movies must still move!

The public taste has moved irresistibly forward through all these kaleidoscopic changes. The mass mind of our audiences began in the kindergarten years and now reaches full maturity. We strive unendingly to keep pace with it. The successful pictures of ten—yes, even five—years ago would be dull and dismal failures today. We must and do keep abreast, not only in manner, but in matter as well!

Consider the literary quality of the material being filmed today and the manner in which the public taste and the motion picture industry have moved forward side by side immediately becomes apparent. Many of the novels of Charles Dickens have been filmed with conspicuous artistic success and have proved excellent screen entertainment. The Warner Brothers' experiment in filming Shakespeare's *A Midsummer Night's Dream* has been watched with interest and admiration, and we shall soon have a production of *Romeo and Juliet*. I do not say, of course, that there is any inherent virtue in filming the loosely-labelled "classics," but I do affirm that these earnest, artistic, and costly efforts clearly show the trend of the film industry toward the finer achievements of which it is capable.

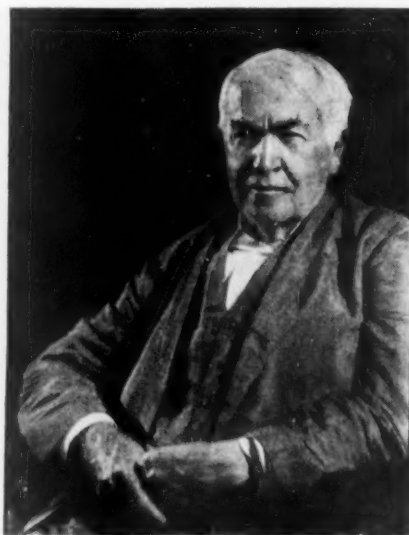
In the field of music, the service of the motion picture business to public appreciation and enjoyment has been important. Astute showmen soon found that the silent picture needed musical embellishment. As a result, scores of communities who had never heard a great symphony orchestra play the works of

the masters, and whose musical resources were limited to the town band, were soon in possession of large and competent orchestras of their own, playing the world's finest music in handsome and comfortable motion picture theaters.

Today, the sound picture brings the greatest living singers and instrumentalists to every hamlet and whistle-stop town—not only to be heard, but to be seen as well.

The cry for "better pictures," which is always heard, sometimes from persons of taste and intelligence and again from mere busybodies who are forever seeking a "cause," is always a little confusing to those of us actively engaged in creating and distributing screen entertainment. We are constantly weighing and winnowing these vociferous demands, anxious to please.

What, precisely, is a "better picture?" To some estimable lady it may mean *A Camera Trip Through Beautiful Guatemala*. To the small boy on Main Street it is the finest hard-riding, straight-shooting melodrama of the Old West. To the



Thomas Edison, in 1891, patented the kinesiographic camera, ancestor of modern motion picture apparatus.

sophisticate it probably means an honest, dramatic, uncompromising retelling of the struggle of a man—any man—against inexorable fate. Such a picture was *The Informer*.

We listen to these demands for "better pictures," and study them carefully, for no one desires better pictures more than the industry which makes them. When we find some concrete definition upon which we can act, we do, and promptly. Today, the motion picture business is coöperating with America's various educational, cultural, and religious organizations with great zeal and goodwill, and the extent of such coördination of effort

and interest is remarkable and significant.

Our preview rooms are filled daily with committees of clubwomen, teachers, and the clergy—looking at our merchandise and offering comment and suggestions. Preview audiences of all ages come into our projection rooms, turning them into laboratories wherein we may study their reactions to various types of screen entertainment, and learn and profit thereby. On pictures made from so-called literary classics, or on those with historic backgrounds or characters, study guides are prepared and distributed to hundreds of American high schools to aid students in understanding, appreciating, and learning from these films.

In the matter of the morality of the motion pictures of today, I need only say that those few "boards of censorship" in existence are no doubt having a very thin time indeed. The very word "censorship," so abhorrent to the ears of all men, is archaic at present in the motion picture industry. That industry can and will keep its own house in order, realizing full well that upon such scrupulous order its safety and progress depend. For motion picture producers are not mere merchants of mediocrity or worse—they are men of goodwill in whose hands rests a mighty power for good or ill. They are not abusing and will not abuse that power.

As a matter of fact, we are constantly under heavy fire from our left-wing intellectual critics, not because we are monsters of iniquity, but because we are almost blatantly good. We extol virtue and we paint vice in its most horrible colors. We laud heroism, honor, and romance. It may be that some branch will have to be set up to manufacture an occasional film in which virtue does not inevitably triumph, which will be shown privately to that coterie which objects to the constant victory of the good, the beautiful, and the true.

Thus the motion picture industry labors in and out of season to keep abreast of, cater to, and advance the maturing public taste in screen entertainment. Never for one moment do we lose sight of the basic fact that our prime duty—our very reason for being—is to entertain the great film-going public. We are neither preachers nor pedagogues. At the same time we do realize the great power which is in our hands—not only to please but to improve the public taste.

If we can entertain our millions with honest, decent, and intelligent motion pictures, certainly we are fulfilling our ethical duty to the people—with pride, pleasure and, I hope, profit to ourselves.

## Not for the Faint-Hearted!



**Y**OU MEN who have slid down back-pasture hills on barrel staves may think you know something about skiing. But you are mistaken. In the mountains of Norway, Sweden, Germany, Switzerland, Italy, and Austria, even boys know what *real* skiing is. Skiing as they do it is a sport so filled with thrills, spills, and unbelievable leaps that it leaves spectators gasping.

At least that's the way Seattle folk felt about the exploits of a young Austrian, one Hannes Schroll, who won the U. S. National down-hill skiing championship on Mt. Rainier. It was the final tryout at which was selected the team to represent the United States in the Olympic ski contests. Local Rotarians sponsored the event on Mt. Rainier, so let one of them—Roger Cutting—tell about it.

"I hardly knew the front end of a ski from the south end of a post office," he begins with the air of a sole eye-witness to a world-shaking event. "But I learned! I was planted half-way down the almost two-mile long course. From where I stood I couldn't see the top of the hill where the starters were, it was that foggy.

The course was bumpy and steep. I'd hardly have wanted to crawl down.

"Pretty soon the boys started to come down at one minute intervals. They space them like that so they won't run up each others' backs. I knew Dick Durrance, of Dartmouth, when he came by. He was going like a hurricane. Some others coasted along. Then I heard a yell high above me. I looked up, and coming down through the fog like an eagle swooping down on a rabbit was No. 51—Hannes Schroll. And he was yodelling at the top of his lungs!

"He jumped the first terrace like a deer going over a rail fence. Then he jumped another—and landed on one ski. His body was leaning over like an open jack-knife, and he was swinging his ski-poles to keep from somersaulting.

"He must have skidded a quarter mile on that one ski, whooping and yelling all the time. As he passed me, his hat sailed through the air, and he whooped even louder—he was that glad to get both skis back on the snow. Before he stopped, he—No. 51—had passed No. 41, who had taken off ten minutes before!"

Hannes Schroll won, of course, with Durrance second. He had covered the one and four-fifths mile course in two minutes and 35.4 seconds.

That phenomenal victory taught American skiers a lot. They knew, of course, the technique of keeping balance and all that sort of thing, but Hannes

Schroll taught them that *really* to ski in a down hill shalom race, where flags or precipices

are to be dodged, you've got to leave caution at the starting line. From the spectator's point of view, there's only one expression that describes it—reckless abandon. But, of course, it isn't only that. The prize-winning European skier has been skiing since he was able to walk. What looks like a wild "stunt" from the

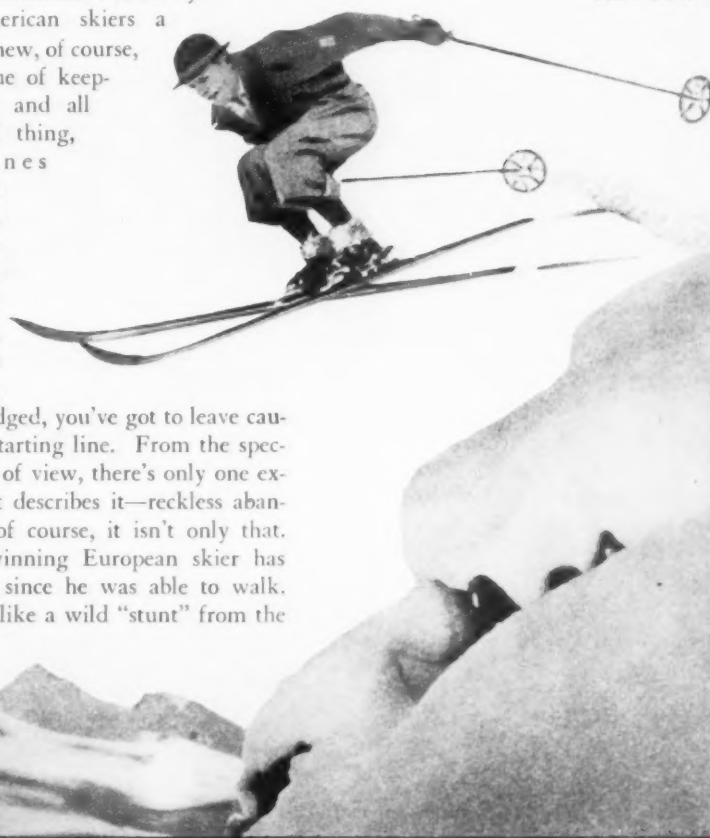
sidelines is merely a skillfully turned trick.

The Mt. Rainier event drew 65 skiers, including a good representation from Canada. They gave the Pacific Northwest first-class sport, and the competition helped a great deal to produce a U. S. team that will perform creditably early in February in the Olympic Winter Games at Garmisch-Partenkirchen, Germany.

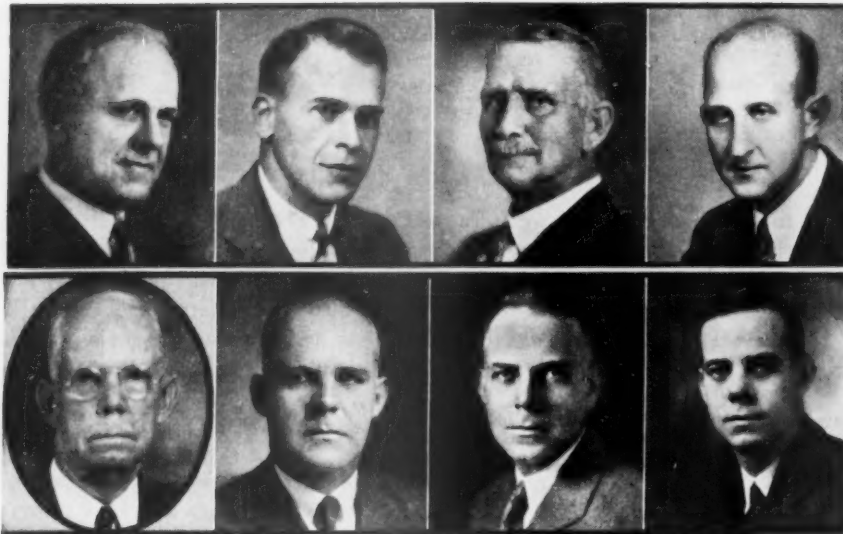
Sponsoring the U. S. National was no easy job. Seattle Rotarians had, however, entertained a convention of Rotary International a few years ago, and weren't afraid. They handled the details like veteran sport promoters. I have heard, too, that some of them have since taken to skiing as a winter substitute for golf. And some, I know, are encouraging local boys to take it up.

But I doubt if Seattle Rotarians bracket this project of theirs under Boys' Work so much as under International Service. Healthy competition among the youth of various nations is one of the ways through which that sort of understanding can be attained which is necessary for goodwill. . . . And, after all, what's needed around the old globe these days, more than anything else, is a lot of plain, old-fashioned sportsmanship.

—KEN BINNS







## Rotary Hourglass

**Problems Discovered.** F. E. James, of Madras, India, flew from there to Paris; Donato Gaminara, of Montevideo, Uruguay, travelled from South America on the Graf Zeppelin to Friedrichshafen, Germany, thence by train to Zurich and Paris; Edwin Robinson came by boat and train from Sheffield, England, and R. J. Knoeppel, of New York City, and Charles E. Hunt, of St. John's, Newfoundland, accompanied by Secretary Perry, of Chicago, sailed by boat across the Atlantic Ocean—all this for a meeting of the Commission on Rotary International Administration, Paris, Dec. 10-16.

Eight days and several evenings the Commission sat and talked and read and talked. They succeeded in covering 25 years of Rotary history, laws and precedents in four volumes of background material. They discovered that the problems of Rotary International administration are numerous and complex and that a solution for any or all of them is not easy of discovery. Even in the background material some things are not clear. What, for example, are the "essentials" of Rotary? Just what is a "country" in Rotary terminology? What is the difference between decentralization and devolution?

Another meeting will probably be held within the next six months either in the United States or Switzerland. At this meeting it is hoped that the Commission will be able to draft its report to the 1936 Convention. What is the Commission going to recommend? We don't know. One thing we do know and that is that such a body should be allowed plenty of time to accomplish something worth while.

**Rotary Junket.** Rotarian W. F. Key, of the Hong Kong Rotary Club, is back home after a "Rotary world tour" that took him to China, Japan, the United States, England, India, Burma, Malaya, Siam, Cambodia, and French Indo-China. His "impressions" may appear in book form—if there is sufficient demand.

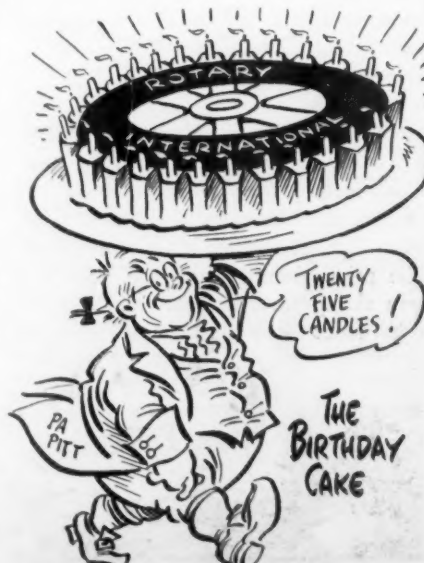
**Charter Members Stick.** There were 16 charter members, when the Rotary Club of Orlando, Fla., was organized in 1920. Today,

*Here's the way Pittsburgh, Pa., Rotarians felt about the 25th anniversary of their club's establishment.*

the club's roster still carries 13 of those names. . . . As an evidence of the type of men this club draws, it may be noted that it has furnished: 12 of the 15 Chamber of Commerce presidents, all of the presidents of the Orange County Hospital Board, and all but one of the presidents of the local library board.

**Rotary Family.** William Richardson, editor of *The Rotary Call* at Jersey City, N. J., is sire to two Rotarians, that is if you count in-laws. His son Ritt, is a member at Williamstown, Mass., and son-in-law, Dr. J. B. Gordon, is immediate past president at Freehold, N. J.

**Flag Bearer.** Several months ago, C. S. See, Chinese member of the Rotary Club of Kuala Lumpur, Federated Malay States, began a jaunt around the world. Visiting the Secretariat in Chicago, recently, he remarked that he had already covered some 25,000 miles by land, sea, and air, speaking to numerous clubs in Europe and America. One aspect of Rotary Club meetings in the United States which he found "very different" from anything he had seen on his



*Can any club duplicate this? At Altoona, Pa., two fathers and their two sons have been Rotary club presidents. They are: (top) Judge Thomas C. Hare, Robert F. Hare; Charles H. Cassidy, J. Clyde Cassidy.*

*Or this? Ellison R. Cook, of West Point, Ga., joined Rotary at 60, is now 74, has never missed a meeting, and has three sons who have been elected Rotary Club presidents: Joseph S., Thomasville, Ga.; Edmund F., West Point, Ga.; David S., Opelika, Ala., now of Biddeford, Me.*

travels, was the singing—but he admitted he enjoyed it. Tucked away in his baggage, Rotarian See has 30 assorted flags of nations, presented by various Rotary Clubs, through him, to the club at Kuala Lumpur.

**Still Growing.** The long list of Rotary Clubs has become longer each month. Clubs at the following cities have recently been elected to membership in Rotary International: Florida, Uruguay; Collierville, Tenn., U. S. A.; Hayes and Harlington, England.



*Rotarian and Mrs. M. J. Gardner, Wichita Falls, Tex., who were wed 60 years ago at Mt. Pleasant, Ia.*

**Masaryk Retires.** Rotarians of the world will be interested in learning that Thomas Garrigue Masaryk, who recently retired from the presidency of Czechoslovakia, has for many years been keenly interested in the Rotary movement. Three years ago he accepted the honorary governorship of the Sixty-sixth District. His son, Jan, Czechoslovakian Minister to England, is a member of the London Rotary Club.

**Erratum.** The Man with the Sketchpad, who started his *Rotary Unusuals* last month, is wondering whether he should take a post-graduate course in eighth-grade geography. The highest city having a Rotary Club is not La Paz, Bolivia, which is 11,800 feet above sea level, but Cerro de Pasco, Peru, which boasts an altitude of 14,380 feet.

**Christ of Andes.** Reference in REVISTA ROTARIA, the Spanish edition of THE ROTARIAN, to the famed statue, Christ of the Andes, elicits an interesting letter from Heriberto P. Coates, of Montevideo, Uruguay, to wit:

"One hates to destroy a beautiful legend! But the reference to the plate on the statue of the Andean 'Cristo,' is unfortunately incorrect. It has been broadcast world over just as you put it, but there never was any such plate. The sentiment was the termination of the oration of

Chile's most eloquent speaker when the statue was unveiled, about 35 years ago.

Princeton University investigated this detail some years since, and I helped them with the enquiry. They have a booklet printed with what was uncovered, and that's that! It is funny how such things get about. I would have sworn that these eyes of mine had seen such a plate when I first saw the Cristo in 1908 and that it was missing in 1916, on my second call. But the evidence was conclusive and the real history must be taken as said.

The plate still on the base of the statue is that of: ROTARY INTERNATIONAL, 1931. It was affixed when we had the joint 63-64 District Conference at Puente del Inca; being unveiled by the writer in his capacity of Governor of the 63rd District, at that time."

**Director Galloway.** The Board of Directors has elected Hugh E. Galloway, of Gateshead-upon-Tyne, England, as a Director of Rotary International for the remainder of the 1935-36 term. He succeeds the late John Crabtree. Director Galloway was a member of the Board last year.

**He Gave a Motto.** Dr. Arthur Frederick Sheldon, the man who coined the motto—"He profits most who serves best"—died recently at his home near Mission, Tex. Dr. Sheldon used those words at the First Convention of Rotary, held in 1910 at Chicago. In 1911, at the Portland Convention, they were repeated in an address submitted as his report of the Business Methods Committee. The Convention added the sentence to a statement or "platform," from whence it has passed into common Rotary usage.

**Meetings.** The Magazine Committee of Rotary International held a two-day session in Chicago, January 6-7; the Board of Directors assembled there on January 13 for meetings extending through the week.

**Singing on the Seas.** A. W. J. Pohl, of Bremen, Germany, whose suggestion led Commodore Ziegenbein to establish a Rotary room on the *Bremen*, had an interesting experience recently. Strolling on board that ship, he heard strains of *My Old Kentucky Home*. The employees' chorus was rehearsing. They welcomed Rotarian Pohl, who later "swung the baton" for a performance for the enjoyment of passengers.

**To Talk of Youth.** Many Rotarians have expressed an interest in the annual conference of the National Vocational Guidance Association, at St. Louis, Mo., February 19-22. The general theme of the gathering is "Guidance and Personnel Responsibilities in the Youth Program of 1936."

**Hungary a District.** The 12 clubs of Hungary, which formerly comprised Provisional District "E" of Rotary International, have been constituted a regular district by action of the Board of Directors of Rotary International. To it has been assigned the number 82. The new governor, elected by the Board, is Bela von Entz, of Pecs, who had been serving as honorary

*San Jose, Calif., Rotarians joined to celebrate the 50th wedding anniversary of Rotarian and Mrs. Will C. Anderson, whose five sons and a son-in-law also are active Rotarians.*

commissioner . . . This makes the third new district to be organized within the year. No. 80 includes the Malay Peninsula; No. 81 is China.

**Honor for Rotarian-Educators.** Four prominent educators, who are affiliated with Rotary Clubs, are on the Educational Policies Commission of the National Educational Association for the current year. They are Dr. John A. Sexson, superintendent of schools at Pasadena, Calif.; Lotus D. Coffman, president of the University of Minnesota, Minneapolis; Frederick M. Hunter, of the University of Oregon, Eugene; Willis A. Sutton, superintendent of schools at Atlanta, Ga.

**The Frontispiece.** No doubt many readers of this issue are going to approve the etching of Abraham Lincoln, which appears as the frontispiece on page four. Certainly, some will wish they had a copy for framing. This little note is to record the fact that copies are available at the price of one dollar each from the Rotary Club of St. Louis, Mo. (Rubens Humphrey, Sec'y., Statler Hotel). Receipts will be used to carry on welfare work of the club.

**Toast.** A toast to the Rotary Club of Weymouth, Mass., by Miss Agnes Carr of the *Boston Traveler* staff, might well be "borrowed" by clubs everywhere. Here it is:

*They meet and talk and sing awhile,  
Good fellows, they, with kindly smile,  
The men who belong to Rotary.  
But back of meeting and of song  
Is spirit that can sweep along  
To do kind deeds in a quiet way  
To brighten some one else's day.  
Good citizens, good neighbors, friends,  
Achievement tale that never ends,  
A town may well be proud to say:  
The Rotary Club meets here today.  
They meet and talk and sing awhile.  
God prosper them and on them smile,  
The men who belong to Rotary.*

**Ducks to Ducats.** The Rotary Club of Stuttgart, Ark., has developed what is becoming a Rotary tradition in parts thereof. It is a wild-duck dinner, supplied with the pièce de résistance from the famous rice fields. The annual event began nine years ago, and it is a part of the tradition that the dinner be attended by at least one past or present president of Rotary International. This year, Harold Moll, local club president, and J. Carthell Robins, District Governor, brought together 450 Rotarians from 30 clubs and Ed. R. Johnson, President of Rotary International, R. L. Hill, immediate Past President, and Directors Emmet Richards and Ed. McFadden for good measure! . . . Not to be outdone, the Rotary Club of



Photo: Los Angeles Times

*Rotary wheels? Probably not, for ancient Indians drew them in Painted Caves, near Santa Barbara, Calif.*

Brinkley, Ark., when Director Emmet Richards came for dinner, had a novelty of its own. It was in the form of greenback place cards, each carrying a printed legend starting out "Here's to you, Mr. Michigander, Mr. Emmet Richards." The 45 Rotarians present autographed their "ducats" and gave the sheaf of goodwill currency to the honor guest as a memento of the occasion.

**Attendance Improves.** At the end of November, 1935, 2,505 Rotary Clubs reporting in the attendance contest for the United States, Canada, Newfoundland, and Bermuda, had a 70 per cent attendance or better. Last year it was 2,329. The following statistics on the 10 districts leading the contest are interesting:

District	Average Percentage		No. of Clubs in District	No. of Rotarians in District	Governor and District Description
	Nov., 1935	Nov., 1934			
12	93.38	93.49	54	1894	Moss Patterson Western Oklahoma
43	92.66	93.16	23	773	Harold W. Smith Ariz., Calif.
39	91.42	91.77	58	2212	Alfred P. Marshall Florida
2	91.20	86.78	165	8773	George W. MacLellan Calif., Hawaii, Nev.
41	90.62	88.07	59	2445	James M. Willson Northwestern Texas
52	89.92	89.67	36	1412	F. Bond Wilkinson Penn., Va.
7	89.78	90.42	38	1783	Charles Oviatt Colo., Neb., N. M., Wyo.
9	89.46	88.14	41	1825	Foster Kienholz Minn., N. D., Wis.
62	89.28	87.11	44	1422	J. Carthell Robbins Arkansas
11	89.10	88.42	63	2627	Willis C. Edson Iowa

**Bi-State Club.** Probably the Rotary Club of Union City, Ind., isn't the only one in a town that sits on top of a State line. Half of the municipality is in Indiana, half in Ohio. One of the club's objectives is to keep harmonious relations between the two towns-within-a-town.

—THE MAN WITH THE SCRATCHPAD.





Photo: Photographic Illustration

Though busy winning fame in the 4-H Club Congress, in Chicago, these boys and girls (honored by Eugene, Oregon, Rotarians as state champions) visited Founder Paul Harris and President Ed. R. Johnson (extreme left and right) at Rotary's Secretariat and heard a talk on Chinese youth by Carlo Bos of Tientsin (second from right).

## Rotary Around the World

Three pages of news notes which mirror Rotary's varied activities. Contributions are welcomed.

### Palestine

#### Seek Fire Brigade for Jerusalem

JERUSALEM—The Rotary Club of Jerusalem recently moved that its Board of Directors interview city authorities with regard to the formation of a fire brigade, the removal of unsightly dumping grounds, and measures to be taken against able-bodied professional beggars who have been preying on sympathetic citizens.

### Egypt

#### Refuge for Homeless Children

PORT SAID—One of the principal activities of the Port Said Rotary Club, and, at the same time, one of the most interesting, is providing suitable shelter for homeless boys and girls.

### Hungary

#### Pamphlet for Tourists

SZOMBATHELY—Travellers visiting this attractive little city are now provided with an illustrated guide book describing picturesque spots in the locality—compiled under the direction of Szombathely Rotarians.

### Porto Rico

#### '—And Sudden Death' in Spanish

SAN JUAN—With permission from *Reader's Digest*, Rotarians of San Juan recently had translated into Spanish that famous contribution to accident prevention entitled —*And Sudden Death*. Copies in both English and Spanish

were distributed to every registered car owner and chauffeur in Porto Rico at the expense of the Rotary Club.

### China

#### Study Shanghai's Housing Problems

SHANGHAI—Rotarians of Shanghai at a recent meeting were presented with a detailed study of the housing situation in their city in which special emphasis was placed on the danger from

present overcrowding. Model dwellings built to admit a maximum of light and air are now being erected in many localities, it was pointed out.

#### Free Care for Amoy Poor

AMOY—A medical clinic for the indigent is being organized by Rotarians of Amoy. The Club also furnishes free medicine and the services of a dresser and several doctors.

### Union of South Africa

#### Tell Youth of Careers

PRETORIA, TRANS.—As part of its program of vocational guidance, the Rotary Club of Pretoria is providing for a series of talks in local schools on careers.

### Brazil

#### 500 Warm Blankets

BAGÉ—Five hundred wool blankets were recently distributed among the needy of Bagé by members of the local Rotary Club.

### Yugoslavia

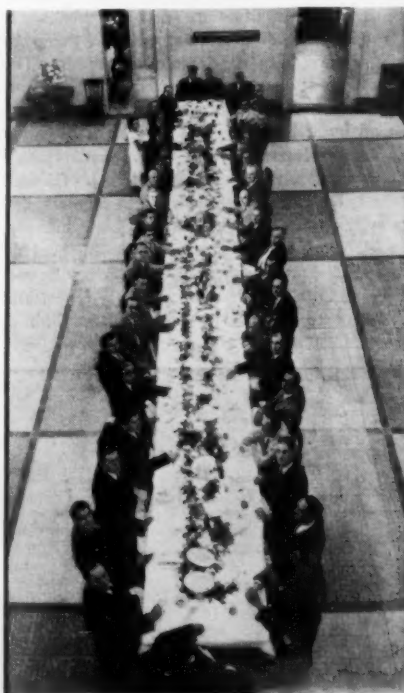
#### War... Peace—Essay Themes

PANCEVO—Prizes are being offered by Rotarians of Pančevo for the best essays contributed by youths in secondary schools on these three timely topics: King Alexander and World Peace; Characteristics of the League of Nations; and War as a Last Resort.

### Morocco

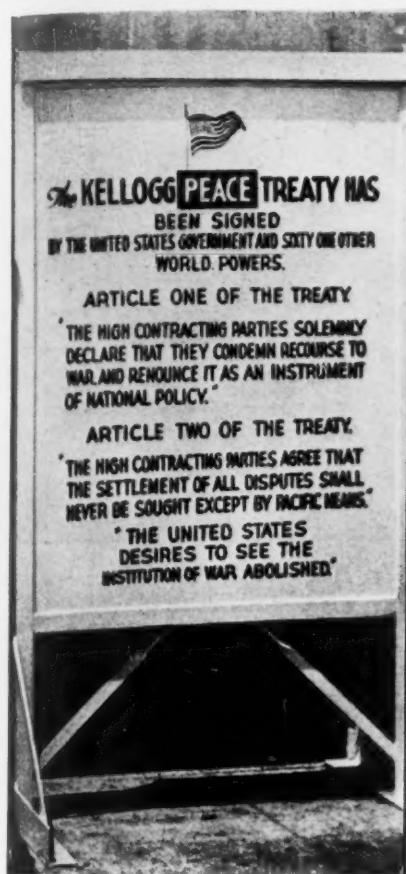
#### Present Radio to Leper

TANGER—A lonely leper in Tanger, condemned because of his disease to have no inter-



An artistic camera study of the colorful charter night festivities of the Rotary Club of Hermosillo, Mexico.





*To abet the cause of international peace, the Rotary Club of Topeka, Kansas, has stationed Kellogg peace posters at busy points in the city.*

club. . . . Activities of the Tokyo Rotary Club include an orphans' home for training older girls, established with the unused part of an earthquake fund donated by Rotary International in 1923; yearly outings for over 300 children in local orphan asylums; and participation in a summer camp for sons of Rotarians.

## India

### *Promote Public Safety*

CALCUTTA—Members of the Rotary Club of Calcutta recently engaged in an accident prevention campaign.

## Norway

### *Substantial Subsidy for Students*

STAVANGER—Members of the Rotary Club of Stavanger have established a considerable fund to be used in assisting high school students who would otherwise find it necessary to withdraw from their school careers.

## Mexico

### *Develop Tourist Attractions*

SALTILLO—Constructive steps to make their city more attractive to visitors are being taken by Saltillo Rotarians. Among the projects to which attention is given, are the construction of

a new road to Mexico City, a sanitary water supply, city beautification, and new hotels.

## Austria

### *11 Countries Fête Birthday*

VIENNA—Two hundred and fifty Rotarians from 11 countries in Europe attended a meeting of the Rotary Club of Vienna held in observance of its 10th anniversary recently.

## Czechoslovakia

### *Prague Gives Cup to Vienna*

PRAGUE—Through their District Governor, Rotarians of Prague presented a beautiful crystal cup to the Vienna Rotary Club in commemoration of its tenth anniversary.

## Uruguay

### *Prisoners Want—and Get—Books*

MONTEVIDEO—A well-equipped reading room has been established in a local jail by Rotarians of Montevideo.

## New Zealand

### *Farmers Like It*

NELSON—A large and representative gathering of New Zealand farmers attended the annual Farmers' Day meeting of the Rotary Club held recently.

### *Tree Twinkles for the Poor*

WHANGAREI—A huge Christmas tree, with appropriate remembrances, was provided during

course with the world besides the simple provisions for his food, is happier now. He has been presented with a fine radio by members of the Tanger Rotary Club.

## Japan

### *Tokyo Club Has Birthday Party*

TOKYO—Every member of the family took part in the celebration of the 15th anniversary of the club observed recently by Tokyo Rotarians. Of the 24 charter members, 10 are still members of the Tokyo Rotary Club and are distinguished for their long record of devoted service to the

*A large crowd of friends and distinguished guests gathered to help the Rotary Club of Kanazawa, Japan, celebrate charter day recently (below).*

Photo: Irving Underhill



*"Seniors" of the New York City Rotary Club (above)—they've been members 25 years—at a party which was recently held in their honor.*

the past holiday season by Whangarei Rotarians for children of the poor.

## Australia

### *Honor Apex Members*

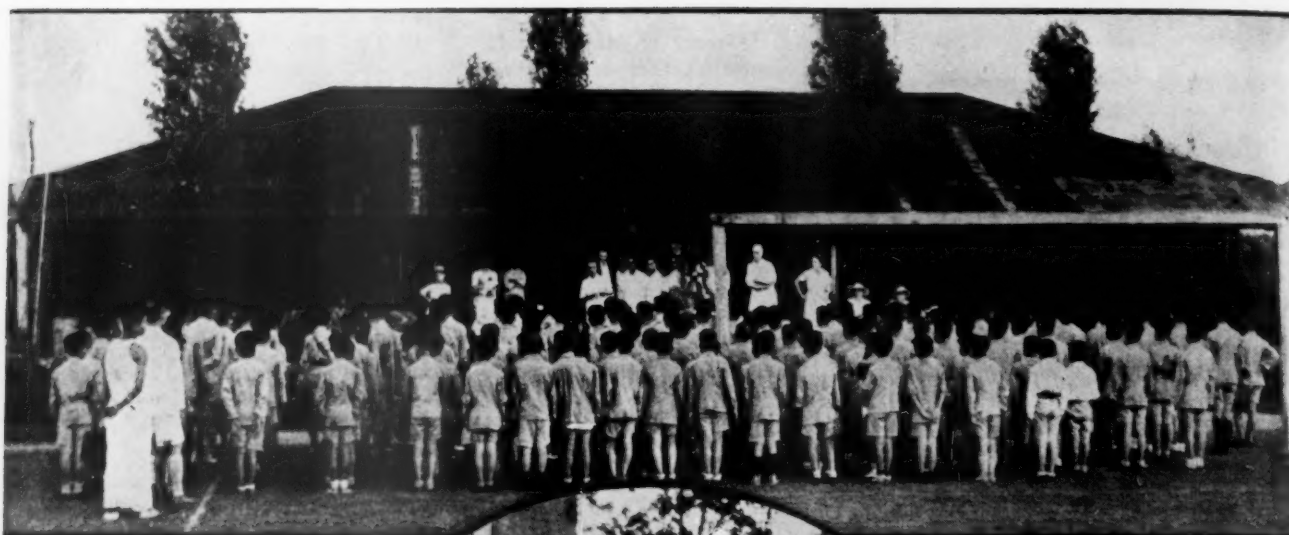
LAUNCESTON—Thirty-eight young men, members of the Apex Club of Launceston, were entertained at a special meeting which was held recently by the Rotary Club of Launceston.

## Argentina

### *"Friends of Education"*

SANTIAGO DEL ESTERO—With the object of assisting in the solution of various problems





having to do with the education of children, the Rotary Club of Santiago del Estero has established a society to be called "Friends of Education." Schools, civic authorities, and the parents of school children took part in its formation. Through the coordinated efforts of these groups, food, clothing, etc., are to be provided for the needy children.

## Canada

### *Fête Sons and Daughters*

TORONTO, ONT.—Children of Rotarians who are attending the University were entertained at a banquet recently by members of the Toronto Rotary Club.

### *\$1,500 for Leisure Time League*

CALGARY, ALTA.—Two hundred and fifty dollars are being donated monthly by Ottawa Rotarians for a 6-month period to the Leisure Time League. This organization has charge of the activities of local unemployed youths.

### *45 Members . . . 12 Boys' Clubs . . . 5 Rinks*

WINNIPEG, MAN.—Forty-five Winnipeg Rotarians hold membership in the club's active Community Service Committee. They direct the activities of 12 clubs for boys, and operate 5 community hockey and skating rinks, which last year were used by more than 40,000 people. The Winnipeg Rotary Club also coöperates with other civic organizations in the sponsorship of a summer camp, where, in a 5-year period, over 1,500 boys have enjoyed a holiday.

### *Jamboree Fund Gives Fun to Needy*

HAWKESBURY, ONT.—Proceeds from their Rotary Jamboree held in late November, helped the Hawkesbury Rotary Club toward providing a happy Christmas for underprivileged children.

## United States

### *New Members . . . Perfect Records*

MINOT, N. D.—New members of the Minot Rotary Club are especially zealous in maintaining a good attendance record, for, as each is admitted to membership, he receives a gold ribbon carrying the legend "Perfect Attendance." Ribbons and legends are changed with each additional year of perfect attendance. That this plan stimulates continued interest is shown by the fact that 21 per cent of the members have a record of perfect attendance for five years or



*Picnic, food, and fun were supplied 800 underprivileged boys by the Rotary Club of Shanghai, China, on a series of outings held recently.*

more—this in spite of the fact that the nearest club where "make-ups" can be recorded is more than a hundred miles distant.

### *Sponsor Safety Patrol*

GLOUCESTER CITY, N. J.—Accidents among school children should be greatly diminished with the smooth functioning of a safety patrol organized by the Gloucester Rotary Club. Bright capes have recently been purchased by Gloucester Rotarians for the 63 patrol members.

### *Each Member Gives a Book*

ALBUQUERQUE, N. M.—Each member of the Albuquerque Rotary Club is donating a book on his vocation to the local public library.

### *Greet New School Teachers*

EVERETT, WASH.—Rotarians of Everett recently held their annual meeting for the new school teachers in their city. Contacts thus established greatly aid the club in its back-to-school campaign staged in late summer.

### *Corn Club Rally for 4-H Members*

SHIPPENSBURG, PA.—For the sixth successive year, Shippensburg Rotarians have sponsored an exhibit for boy and girl members of 4-H Corn Clubs. Following the judging, a dinner was given for the young people and their parents.

### *Anniversaries*

Rotarians of Hartford, Conn., observed their 25th anniversary recently with a well-attended inter-city meeting. . . . Cleveland, Ohio, celebrated its silver anniversary with President Ed. R. Johnson, President Emeritus Paul Harris, and Secretary Chesley Perry as guests of honor. Pittsburgh, Pa., also has held its 25th anniversary meeting and made it a ladies night event. . . . Oklahoma City, holding its 25th anniversary meeting, provided an attractive silver souvenir program containing a well-written, concise his-

tory of the Rotary Club . . . Salt Lake City, late in January, held its silver anniversary program . . . The Rotary Club of Malone, N. Y., the border club which last summer entertained some 3,000 Canadian visitors in observance of Canada's Dominion Day, recently observed its 10th anniversary with many Canadian Rotarians taking part in the celebration. The 10 past presidents of the Rotary Club took an active part in the program . . . At Waltham, Mass., Rotarians celebrated the 10th anniversary of their Rotary Club with the District Governor, who had been in office when their club was instituted, as guest of honor. More than 165 Rotarians and their wives attended the banquet and ball.

### *Amateur Night for Visitors*

OMAHA, NEBR.—With amateur night programs in vogue throughout the United States, Omaha Rotarians, holding their sixth all-district inter-city meeting late in the fall, likewise discovered hidden talent among the 285 Rotarians who accepted their invitation. Following the "radio" program, a motorcycle escort led the entire group to a local stadium where Omaha's noted horse show was in full swing.

### *Only a Year Old, But—*

MUNCY, PA.—Though it has only recently observed its first anniversary meeting, the Rotary Club of Muncy has made important contributions to its community in the field of boys work and crippled children, and in assisting the Red Cross and community nursing work.

### *Gold Watch for Life Saver*

ST. JOSEPH—BENTON HARBOR, MICH.—A wheelsman on a Lake Michigan steamer who saved the life of a small boy recently, was presented with a gold watch by members of the Rotary Club of St. Joseph and Benton Harbor.

### *Aviation Is Dinner Theme*

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—"Aviation Night," a dinner and program, the theme of which was aeronautics, was held recently by the Rotary Club of Philadelphia and was attended by about 400 Rotarians and guests. Prominent naval air experts and statesmen were heard in addresses.

# Our Reader's Open Forum

[Continued from page 2]

## Credit to Poetess Wilcox

Channing Pollock's *The Art of Being Kind* in the December issue, reminded me, as did his lecture—*What is Happiness, and Where?*—of that little verse which is probably very familiar to you and Mr. Pollock\*:

*So many gods, so many creeds,  
So many paths that wind and wind,  
While just the art of being kind  
Is all the sad world needs.*

MARTIN GOODMAN  
Attorney at Law

Altoona, Pa.

\*The poem is *The World's Need* by Ella Wheeler Wilcox, American poetess (1855-1919). Author Pollock's title was borrowed from it—with credit omitted, however, by editorial inadvertence.—Ed.

## The Seller is the Banker

With 30 years of jewelry business behind me, it is my opinion that installment buying (debate-of-the-month, December) is a very good thing, if handled with judgment.

There are items of pleasure and necessity that most of us have paid for by installment which we could not have if it were not for that method of buying. Poor judgment as to one's ability to pay, paints the other side. . . .

I believe the Government could regulate the retail price of standard items, and then allow the seller a fair charge for carrying the account. For, in reality, the man who sells is the money lender to the one who buys.

WILL MILLEN, Rotarian  
Classification: Jewelry

Red Oak, Iowa

## Ear-tickling Legislators' Football

In regard to the discussion in the December issue on *Installment Buying*, it appears to me that the less private business is hampered by governmental supervision the more progress our institutions will make. . . .

I believe finance companies can be criticized for being too lenient in extending capital loans to dealers who are not financially responsible, thus increasing . . . serious competition for the dealers who are capitalized to do business.

I do not like to see installment buying carried too far in our country; but there is no question that the industries of our nation cannot maintain the high peak of employment on a cash purchase basis only.

It is too bad that some of our legislators are using "consumer credit" as a political football to tickle the public's ears.

R. W. SMITH, Rotarian  
Sec.-Treas., Community Finance Company  
Niles, Mich.

## Let the Dealer Do Regulating

Should installment buying be regulated? The writer has had considerable experience in installment selling, especially of automobiles and radios. It would be my opinion that installment buying should never be under the control of the Government, as that probably would make it very difficult for many people to buy this way.

I believe the matter can be better regulated through the dealers who contact the customers, than by anyone else. If the proper check is made by the dealer selling the merchandise and



Photo: International News

To her, credit two months delayed.

he is made responsible until the entire installment is paid, the condition will not get out of control.

HARRY I. VAN NESS, Rotarian  
Classification: Auto Retailing

Potsdam, N. Y.

## Some Control Needed Now

Installment buying, which was discussed in the December ROTARIAN, creates a wonderful opportunity for millions of people to own their own homes, which makes better citizens of them. However, broadcast buying on the installment plan spells defeat to millions of people. It means they will endeavor to protect their nice new furniture, automobile, etc., and lose out on all. Some control of installment buying should be put into effect at once, as this is getting to be the greatest menace in this great country. . . .

JOHN S. MOONEY, Rotarian  
Insurance, Loans, Real Estate  
Wenatchee, Wash.

## ... No Concern of the Government

Regulation of installment buying, discussed in the December ROTARIAN, is not a new subject. There was a very extensive and exhaustive study made of this by the organization of National Bankers Congress, and a committee appointed by the late President Coolidge.

At that time it was discovered that only about 7 per cent of the purchases made in the United States were made through installment buying, and it was not of enough consequence to cause any alarm whatever. I do not believe that installment buying is very much greater today than it was then.

I am absolutely opposed to any further government regulation of anything. . . . I can't see why it is any concern of the United States Government what people buy, or how they buy it, or where they buy it! "Them's my sentiments."

C. M. MENZIES, Rotarian  
Classification: Automobile Distributing  
Stockton, Calif.

## The Ghaist o' Burns

Burns . . . whom we all love so dearly, was an ardent lover of peace and of his fellowmen. He did much in his own humble way to promote peace and harmony among his friends, which may be found by a careful study of his works, especially if you can read Scotch.

. . . But why all this controversy (see Open Forum for December and January) over the bard's first name? Before the poet's time all the Burns families in Scotland were known as Burness. Permit me to quote from a letter I have before me. It was written by Gilbert Burns, the poet's brother, to Mrs. Dunlop of Dunlop, who was anxious to obtain some biographical details regarding the early years of her admired and lamented friend:

"Robert Burns was born on the 25th day of January, 1759, in a small house about two miles from the town of Ayr, and within a few hundred yards of Alloway Church, which his poem *Tam O' Shanter* has rendered immortal. The name which the poet and his brother modernized into Burns, was originally Burness or Burness. Their father was William Burness."

This poem, the *Ghaist O' Burns* is my humble attempt to bring peace between friends, and to do so in the same sort of humorous way I think the bard would have done it. (For convenience of non-Scotch readers, a glossary is added.)

*Fate maks you twa, pair sully knaves,  
Tae rouse ma saul, wi' bairnish prattle,  
Losh Loons! hae mercy on the graves,  
Thit kiver saunts, frae foolish brattle.*

*Ye've mair tae dae, but mark an' tell,  
Your neibour's faults, an' aerie, barge.  
'Tis the stoopit, curst an' imbissel,  
'Tweed hail—George Washington—as Geordie.*

*Your baith ower prood, an' smert yoursel's,  
Tae form O' t'ither, some werra openions.  
O' sma mistakes, ye mawna yell,  
'Tis better you'd, aye, be guid companions.*

*Wish't that you twa—frien's could remain,  
Tho' cuifs an' swine, should raise a fracas.  
Let's raise a sang, in frien'ships name,  
Nae crabbit chieft, or name can wrack us.*

*Noo I'm nae mair, that imp o' Hell,  
O' wicked rhymes, an' drucken rants,  
But syne I'm here, I weesh ye weel,  
Bide clear frae Cloven Clotties' cants.*

*Best name me Robert, Rob, or Bob,  
Or gashin' Robbie, Rab, or Bobbie,  
But fegs, dinna stir me frae the sauld,  
Whin weel ye ken, it should be Rabbie!*

*Sae—Tam Hunter, if ye read be wise,  
You'll post a missel, tae Mr. Harris,  
An' Tae his Lordship, apologize,  
For being mair humble, than a haggis.*

*An' Paul, tae Tam you'll dae the same,  
For I kens your nae, a sulkie rat.  
Ye've baith ben damn'd, your baith tae blame,  
But—"a man's a man, for a' that".*

*Thus, then, jine hauns, across the sea,  
Wi' kindest thochts, an' a' that.  
Gae bury the exe—an' brithers be;  
For auld lang syne—an' a' that.*

WILLIAM J. BURNS, Rotarian  
Naturopath  
Algonac, Mich.

## GLOSSARY

	Scotch	English
Verse 1.....	saul	soul
	bairnish	childish
	saunts	saints
Verse 2.....	fauts	faults
Verse 3.....	maunna	must not
Verse 4.....	cuifs	fools
	chieft	men
Verse 5.....	Cloven Clottie	Devil
	cants	tricks
Verse 6.....	gashin'	talking
Verse 7.....	Haggis	kind of food
Verse 9.....	jine	join
	hauns	hands
	thochts	thoughts
	exe	axe



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## Mrs. Smith on 'Service'

[Continued from page 27]

we'd be buying both vegetables and flowers. There are a lot of things Bob can do, but we don't get much benefit at home. He can play the piano and sing, and write shorthand, and make furniture. I found this all out before Bob learned the motto 'Service Before Self.' Our children have to go to colleges and teachers to learn these things. Then—"

Here we heard a step in the hall. It was good old Bob himself. I thought he looked tired, and I was right, for after he had greeted his family—very warmly, I am pleased to certify, he excused himself as having a headache and hoped we would not think it rude if he left our

company and went straight away to bed.

Bob Smith died suddenly at his office of heart failure about six months ago. "He wouldn't even die at home," I could fancy Mrs. Smith meditating.

When I called on the family the following week, I showed them a clipping which I thought they might not have seen—nearly a column eulogizing the late Robert Geoffrey Smith for his many worth while activities. The writer concluded with regrets for the passing of Blanktown's "most useful citizen."

"H'm," said Mrs. Smith. And she handed the clipping to Norah for her scrapbook.

## The Hobbyhorse Hitching Post

*A Corner Devoted to the Hobbies of Rotarians and Their Families*

*You may remember that in the January issue of THE ROTARIAN a department was started for the hobbyist in Rotary families. Here is a story of the strange hobbyhorse ridden by Rotarian Marion F. Peters, of Plainview, Texas.*

Natural gas distribution is my classification but cowbrands, their traditions and legends are interesting to me. I like to get them copied by public characters of the world. It has become my hobby.

Anyone could collect any old kind of brand, but that's not my idea. I draw a picture of a famous brand such as the three D's, XIT, etc., and send it to a famous person asking that the brand imprint be copied and returned. I have hundreds of these brands in my collection now and hope to get many more.

One of the best features of it is the marvellous letters I receive. Will Rogers, for example, wrote to me . . . "I am surprised you didn't write to

the cow. . . . Why don't you collect cattle with the brands on them. They are as cheap as the paper you write the brand on."

Before George Bernard Shaw finally drew the brand he wrote . . . "Paint it on the cow, you idiot! Can't you print your name on your handkerchief without using a red hot poker."

It is great fun writing the requests and, of course, more in receiving the answers.

\* \* \*

*The following list is of hobbyists who wish to share and exchange their ideas with any who would be interested:*

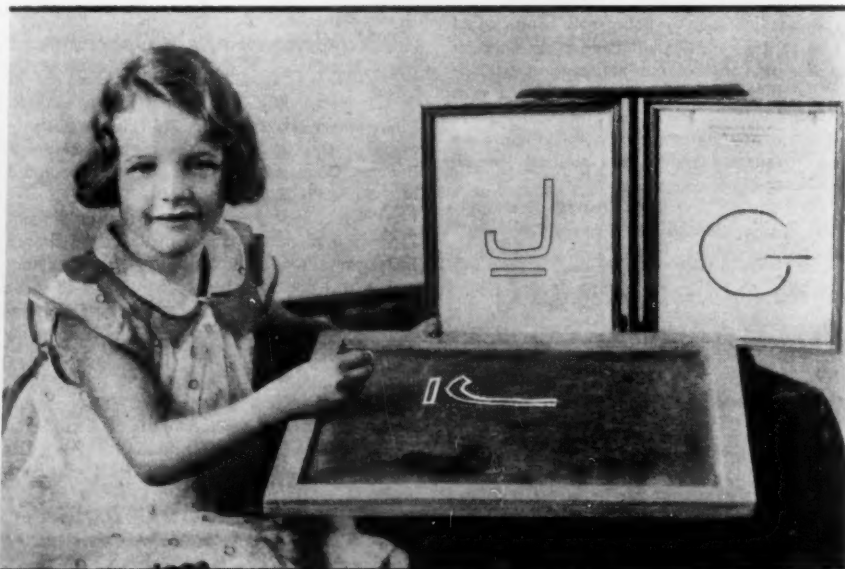
**Animal-horn collecting:** C. D. Rhodes, Prescott, Ariz.

**Aviculture:** Dr. Leon Patrick, Smith-Grote Building, Orange, Calif.

**Rare Books:** Fred Birks, 115 Grosvenor St., Sydney, Australia.

—THE GROOM

*Seven-year-old Frances Lowe Peters enjoys her father's unique hobby, too—and can draw on her slate more than 3,600 individual brands from memory.*



## The Challenge: More Workers Than Jobs

[Continued from page 25]

and became the producers of what they consumed. Today, statesmen, economists, and agricultural experts are still wrestling with the immense annual carry-over of wheat and other grains which came after the war and which droughts, floods, famines, and curtailed plantings seem only to increase. Since 1932 the general index figure on world stocks of primary commodities has shown only minor fluctuations at an average level which is 50 per cent higher than that of June, 1929, before the depression broke. Unless there is another war, the people of the world will not go back to hardship. Nor, according to economic experts, will ploughing-under and birth-control among pigs prove more than experimental palliatives in balancing supply and demand.

IN the Orient another aspect of the chronic unemployment problem has arisen. The Japanese imported the machine from Manchester, original textile center of the world. A clever Osaka mechanic improved upon it so that one Japanese could take care of from 25 to 40 spindles where one English worker operated from four to eight. British manufacturers purchased patent rights and sought to install the perfected looms in Manchester. British trade unionists, seeing from 10 to 20 of their comrades displaced by each new machine, objected. Japanese workers, young and enthusiastic, move more quickly than the methodical English. Japanese retire from the mills while still in their prime; British workers remain on the job until they reach 60. The question of hours hardly enters into the Japanese scheme of things; wages in the Orient and Occident cannot be compared, nor can living standards. The result was trade war.

It happens that the textile industry employs from 8 to 20 per cent of the total number of workers in eight leading countries. In India and Brazil as high as 40 per cent of the workers are engaged in the textile factories. If Japan presses her advantage, and has equal access to the world's markets, she can drive the spinners of other countries into idleness and bankruptcy. Tariff walls and trade restrictions have been invoked to meet her competition, but these invite retaliatory measures. And, in the end, unemployment and more unemployment.

Today America's and Europe's millions are affected; tomorrow it will be Japan's and China's. For Japan, too, has

found the population problem inextricably bound up with unemployment. And so has Italy. Both countries have an annual increase of around a million. Japan must find new jobs for 250,000 new workers yearly. Japan regained normalcy so far as the number of employed workers was concerned, in September, 1934. Today she is well above the pre-depression employment level. But while production has increased spectacularly (in 1932 it was 32.1 per cent greater than in 1929 and the textile output trebled between 1929 and 1935), the number of registered workers has increased only around 7.7 per cent and the number of unemployed has not diminished perceptibly.

How Japan will solve her population problem is difficult to foresee. Emigration to many desirable localities is barred. Since she began to adopt western methods and manners, Japan's population has increased from 30 million (at which figure it had been stationary for more than two centuries under the Shogunate) to 66 million. Between 1875 and 1914 (the industrial period), Japan's population doubled. It is estimated that it will reach 78 million by 1945 and that the saturation point will come at between 95 and 100 million. During the next 15 years there will be 15 million more mouths to feed in Japan and 3,750,000 new workers who will need jobs.

Italy's problem is almost identical, but not so pressing.

Getting the workers of the world back on the job—particularly the 30 million skilled workers who are unemployed in industrial countries—as the depression moves into its seventh year, is becoming more and more complicated, particularly as various "solutions" sponsored by distracted governments prove mere palliatives or failures.

The paradox of employment and unemployment increasing side by side presents itself. Instead of the ranks of the idle thinning as men return to factories and mills, and as rural communities again begin showing signs of life, breadlines are growing in many countries. And economists are still at odds, some advocating outright doles, others public works, etc.

In some European capitals, the writer has heard the "man in the street" openly advocate war as the way out. Voluntary and forced labor camps are commonplace and accepted; occupational training is practiced everywhere, although the pro-



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essions concerned are known to be over-staffed. Shorter hours and higher pay, and longer hours and less pay are advocated concurrently. In France, prices are being hammered down; in the United States they are being forced up. Inflation and deflation go hand in hand, with only political frontiers separating communities espousing different panaceas for mutual economic ills.

**B**UT of the scores of experiments tried, particularly in Europe, many lessons have been learned. Schemes launched, revised, discarded, or carried through by cabinets which have risen and lived their short hour, have established these facts:

A new balance between production and consumption will have to be struck.

Tinkering with the present system of distribution will not bring back the rhythm necessary to restore normalcy.

The human equation makes it impossible to treat labor as a commodity.

Consumers cannot be arbitrarily created to consume the over-production brought about by increased efficiency, machines, and mass-production.

A survey of the international labor situation of today, viewed through the perspective of yesterday, also reveals other interesting facts.

In Great Britain, more workers are employed today than there were in 1929. In 1932, there were 10 per cent less. Judging from the number of employed today, it would appear that normalcy had returned to Britain, at least so far as her working population is concerned. But that is *not* the case. In 1929, there were 994,091 unemployed registered in England; in 1932, there were 2,846,395. At the beginning of 1935, although employment had regained the 1929 level, unemployment still stood above 2,325,000. A chronic unemployed group of 1,330,382 had appeared from somewhere or other. To find jobs for them in industry, which because of modern machines and methods needed less rather than more men, and a place in society where a limited rather than an increased consumption is in vogue, seems impossible.

Similar conditions exist in other countries, including the United States, Germany, Czechoslovakia, Switzerland, Italy, Poland, Belgium, Spain, France, and the smaller industrial states.

Thus far, only "palliatives" have been advanced to meet the crisis. Relief, rather than solutions, has been the immediate need. Reduction of hours has been advocated in various countries and on an international scale as a means of creating more jobs. Italy officially introduced the reform and claims to have put 250,000 unemployed to work as a result. Other countries have not been so

successful and claim that the reform must be adopted simultaneously in all industrial countries.

Public works have thus far proved the greatest temporary good for unemployment headaches. Instead of giving doles to the idle, many governments have given work on non-productive and non-competitive projects. Money has been put into circulation but the billions of private capital have not been thawed out.

Germany's public works program called for an expenditure of 5,400,000,000 marks last year of a total budget of 8 billion reichsmarks. Berlin claims to have reduced her unemployed by 1,500,000 during 1934 and at the end of 1935 unemployed workers numbered 1,754,117 as against 2,426,014 a year previous.

Italy (during 1932) subsidized public works to the extent of 5,800,000,000 lire in a total budget of 21,000,000,000 lire. Recently, however, Mussolini has had other uses for government funds but the famous "autostrades" that the Fascists built will long stand as a monument to Il Duce.

Sweden's expenditure for public works represented 250,000,000 crowns for 1933-34 and during 1934-35 it reached 220,000,000 out of a total state budget fixed at one billion crowns.

**O**THER countries in which great sums are spent on public works as a means of relieving unemployment are Austria, Argentina, Finland, France, Britain, Hungary, Japan, Lithuania, Norway, New Zealand, Holland, Poland, Portugal, Spain, Switzerland, and Czechoslovakia.

But almost everywhere it is admitted that public works projects, like doles, subsidies, etc., do not solve anything.

An angle of the unemployment problem which has been given little consideration is disarmament. The average man finds it difficult to see where the two are related. International morality these days is predicated upon the fundamental premise that sooner or later wars will be abolished. Every nation, supposedly, has outlawed war as an instrument of national policy already. In the past, however, war ranked with plagues, pestilence, and famine as a factor in population adjustment.

The Great War of 1914-18 wiped out, on the field of battle, between 12 million and 15 million men—men who otherwise might have become the heads of families. An equally large number of human beings died indirectly, from disease, starvation, and revolution, growing out of the war. But, despite the four years of unprecedented slaughter, the world today, one generation later, is again facing a

population crisis: Far too many men for the jobs available and far too small consumption of the goods those who are employed are able to produce.

Assuming that war is definitely abolished—and the trend is in that direction—then armaments will no longer be necessary. And if armaments aren't needed, then millions of workers will have to find new means of earning a livelihood. That statement is not an exaggeration. The views of eminent authorities on disarmament and its repercussions are of interest. Miss Margaret Bondfield, ex-Minister of Labor in Great Britain and an ardent pacifist, says one-fourth of the British shipbuilding industry lives by construction of warships; that construction of the new giant Cunarder employs less than one-third as many workers as would be employed in building one battleship like the *H. M. S. Nelson*, and that the passenger ship will be in service long after the warship has had to be replaced.

The other side of the argument is presented by Col. David Carnegie, C.B.E. An expert, Colonel Carnegie estimates that a 25 per cent reduction in British land, naval, and air armaments, spread over a period of five years, would throw out of employment only 24,000 workers annually, or a total of 120,000 persons. This figure includes 60,000 enlisted men and officers. He says:

The actual saving of a clean-cut 25 per cent of expenditure on the effective services is estimated at \$120,000,000. After providing pensions and other allowances out of this amount for those discharged from fighting services it would allow the taxpayer about \$75,000,000 to be spent in other ways.

Colonel Carnegie points out that 300,000 miners, displaced by modern appliances, have found other jobs. Furthermore, he argues that the security brought about by disarmament would more than compensate for the loss. A sense of insecurity, he says, is one of the greatest tragedies of the 30 million men who are now jobless.

**O**FFICIALS of many great industries also claim that it is not the machine which is the cause of widespread unemployment. W. J. Cameron, of the Ford Motor Car Company, claims that in one year, when Ford spent \$9,000,000 for new machinery, 40,000 new workers were given jobs and the payroll increased by \$88,000,000. Another year new machinery worth \$10,000,000 was installed and 37,000 more men were employed with a payroll increase of \$76,000,000. Jobs multiplied faster than men during the early years of the machine age.

Thus we have in its broad outlines the problem: Chronic unemployment. It affects all nations. It cries out for solution.



## A Son of Heaven

[Continued from page 15]

strings when Nick stopped and shouted the name of the Saviour. What a shock! It was like a drunkard's oath in a prayer meeting. Half the audience jumped in their seats and settled back appalled.

Nick added another shocking exclamation, in his excitement, as he wiped his face with his new handkerchief.

A number of ladies rose and walked out with a swish of skirts and an indignant toss of the head. Others followed them. Squads of churchmen were leaving. The music was great but the iniquity was greater. A time had come for good people to do their duty. The conscience of the community was touched. It was a thing not to be trifled with. The golden splendor of no poet's dream could hold them, and Mr. Lewis' dream of wealth abruptly ended.

It came to my mind when I was writing *Eben Holden*. I spoke of him rather briefly in that book. More than a hundred letters came to my desk about Nicholas Goodall. Patrick Gilmore and Thomas F. Ryan of the Mendelssohn Quintet in Boston—both eminent musicians—wrote of his playing with great enthusiasm. Others wrote that he had spent some time in Salem, Massachusetts, and in Elmira, New York.

At last a letter came that threw a stream of light upon the mystery. I had learned that Nick was the son of a man who was the first violinist in the excellent orchestra of Ford's Theatre in Washington when Lincoln was assassinated and that as a boy he had great genius for the violin. He had toured the continent as a prodigy when he was eight years of age. I learned that in 1865 he was sixteen years old—a slim, pale, silent lad who practiced from six to ten hours a day. Only a masterful genius would have the patience to do that. He was memorizing the compositions of the great masters in preparation for a world tour. Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln had heard him play and had been impressed by his deep, subtle power.

The world tour did not come off. Not until I was getting my color for a certain Lincoln book did I begin to realize what had happened to this sensitive young genius. No doubt he was in the theater with his father that night of April 14, 1865. Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln were going to be there. Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln loved to hear the boy play and between the final acts probably he was scheduled to play for them. His father was to be his

impresario, a point not to be missed.

Now we go to Ford's Theatre on that fateful night. It was filled with the best people for the famous Sothorn was playing his great rôle of Lord Dundreary in *Our American Cousin*. He was inimitable. The Presidential party was late in arriving. It consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln and two young lovers—Miss Harris and Major Henry R. Rathbone. The play stopped and the orchestra went immediately into *Hail to the Chief*.

Again Mr. Sothorn got possession of his audience with the amusing talk and antics of Lord Dundreary. Everyone is laughing. Suddenly the fatal shot, the swift, bloody struggle of Major Rathbone and the assassin, the latter's leap to the stage, dagger in hand, the cries of murder, the indescribable panic as the head of the great, beloved man fell forward. Everyone's heart was shaking as a dog shakes himself after a cold bath.

The little comedy of manners went out like a candle in the wind while one of the great tragedies of history took possession of the theater and began to rock the world with its overwhelming signifi-

cance and pathos. The unfortunate people who were a part of that terrible scene were like those overturned in a raging sea. Many were wrecked and broken by the sudden leap from laughter to appalling tragedy. The change had come with blinding swiftness. It was more than human nerves could endure. Nearly everyone in the crowd was crazy and some never quite recovered their poise.

It was that vivid account of the scene in Nicolay and Hay's history—probably written by John Hay—that made it clear to me that Nicholas Goodall's nervous system had been broken down in that tragic ten minutes. This paragraph in the history suggests his great trial:

"Over all the rest the blackest fates hovered menacingly—fates from which a mother might pray that kindly death would save her children in their infancy."

He speaks of the accursed man fleeing in pain to die a dog's death and adds:

"The stricken wife was to pass the rest of her days in melancholy and madness; of the two lovers one was to slay the other and then end his life a raving maniac."

The hospitals and probably the asylums were overcrowded for a time after that. Goodall and his son Nicholas—

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both human beings of unusual sensitivity — were of course nervously broken down. It is likely that the father did not long survive the shock and that he left his son in an asylum from which he was discharged to become an inspired, penniless, and half insane wanderer.

This tragic figure now lies in the cemetery of Watertown, New York, with a decent headstone above his grave. He

died in the almshouse of that city in 1880. His violin was sold for enough to pay the expense of the plot, the burial, and the headstone. Mayor Bingham, of Watertown, sent the violin to me. It now lies behind glass in my living room. It is a plain looking instrument in appearance, not at all like the beautiful Gaspar di Salo of Ole Bull, with scrolls carved by Cellini, its varnish seeming to

set the wood ablaze on a brilliantly lighted stage.

Always the great Paganini was announced with these words:

*"Paganini farà sentire il suo violino"* — which implied that to him his violin had a personality.

This old instrument of Goodall was able to put Patrick Gilmore and thousands of other people in mind of Paradise.

## Scenes Shift: The Play Goes On!

[Continued from page 8]

are men who have travelled through the depression annoyed, stung, and embittered by every mental upset and every financial loss. One cannot blame them, perhaps, but one pities them. There are other men who, having adopted the philosophy that this is a revolution, set up certain reserves, like Emerson's friend, "to be robbed of," and in so doing are able to see things more calmly and to make wiser decisions for themselves and for their businesses.

**A**PART from the philosophy of the thing, it seems to me that for many of us it ought to be a matter of good sportsmanship to go through troublesome times in reasonably good humor. After all, we who are in the middle years had ten very sweet years from 1920 to 1929. We had our innings; we can't expect to be at bat all the time. Money flowed in to us. We made a lot of it. To be sure we lost most of it. But we had fun. And thank the Lord, we didn't lose it all.

We didn't lose what we spent. Our extravagances were our really gilt-edged investments. The trips we took with our families that we really couldn't afford. The antiques we bought; the automobiles; the jewelry for our wives. God be thanked that we didn't try to save all our money. Our richest possession from the boom is our happy memories. We have those good memories. We had our good times. Surely we ought to take what follows like men.

For this is not the end of the world, any more than the end of the world came after any one of the other social adjustments following other New Eras. What we call Recovery is under way. Business already is being carried on again, and in an orderly and profitable fashion, and it will be on a higher plane, in many cases, than existed heretofore. New laws have accomplished some housecleaning that every one of us knows needed to be done. They have cleaned up the security business; they have forced a clean-up in the utility business. Who shall say that these did not need to be done?

Speculation was not the only great force at work to produce our last New Era. A greater and more fundamental force was the immensely rapid substitution of machinery for man power. Year by year, we produced a larger number of units with a smaller number of man hours. Year by year, labor's part in the fruits of production grew less and less. Even at the height of our prosperity, the farmer was not prosperous; and the increase in wages by no means kept pace with the increase in earnings.

Government got into business in a big way during the World War, when every country engaged in it discovered that unless its total productive resources were regimented by government, no nation could successfully wage a modern war. Government has stayed in business largely because it was necessary somehow to provide activities to take care of that part of the population which industry, by its ever increasing mechanical efficiency, was finding ways to do without.

Our employment problem is not a temporary problem; our farm problem is not a temporary problem. We are not going to live long enough, you and I, to see government out of business.

All over the world government has had to be more and more in business, not because anyone has wanted it to be, but because the problems produced by industry's own development were greater than industry alone could handle. We are going to need to be social-minded to a degree which has never been incumbent on us before. Merely to say "let the government step out and let us alone" is not enough. We cannot go back to things as they were; it is a waste of time even to talk about it.

Yet every day, now, it seems to me that the fundamental forces of recovery are more in evidence. Somebody said to me recently: "Why are you hopeful? Is it because of the ABC or the AAA or the XYZ?" and I said, "Not because of any or all of these. I am hopeful because whiskers continue to grow." He thought I was being facetious, but I was

not. I was stating what I think is nothing less than a basic economic fact.

The wealth of a nation is not in stocks, or bonds, or railroads, or automobiles. Ruskin was right when he said, "There is no wealth but life." The wealth of any nation is in the intelligence, ambition, and ingenuity of its people. Every morning, millions of men get out of bed, look in the glass in their bath rooms or over the kitchen sinks, and find that their beards have grown during the night. And they take soap and a brush and begin to lather their faces. Now there is some curious but undeniable connection between the nerves of the face and the nerves of the brain. By some magic, which psychologists have not yet fully explained, the minute a man begins to massage his whiskers he begins to think. And these are the thoughts that he thinks:

"I wonder where I can get an order today?"

"Can't we somehow do that particular operation more efficiently?"

"There must be a better device for accomplishing that result."

Ideas, ambitions, inventions—these are the fruits of the morning shave in a million homes. These are the driving power of the economic machine. Sooner or later these rise and triumph over depression, as they always have.

**H**AVING this point of view, we can approach the problems of today and tomorrow in a mood sufficiently progressive and liberal to earn us the right to leadership again on some later day. Some day control will swing one way or the other. It will swing to the demagogues or to the guidance of intelligent business men.

Our business, as business men and women, is to be open-minded enough, progressive enough, aware enough of the meaning of things, so that we will deserve the confidence of the public. If we deserve it, we shall have it. Sooner or later, we shall have it unless we ourselves fail.

## Trifles That Murder Sleep

[Continued from page 12]

and alert. A slight tug at the bedcovers by a Pullman porter, for example, will quickly awaken the sound sleeper, though he may not hear a noise down the aisle.

During the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries in England, the "slug-gard-waker" was an important officer in the churches. During the almost interminable sermons, this man walked through the aisles carrying a long stick which had a fox brush on one end. When a lady was discovered sleeping, he would reach over with his official staff and tickle her face to awaken her—so we might be justified in the scientific conclusion (recalling that the sense of touch is the last to leave) that people slept soundly in church in those days.

**B**UT look for a moment at the other end of the pole used by the sluggard-waker. It was covered with a heavy ball of metal, resembling a doorknob. Perhaps women were not the soundest sleepers, because this heavy knob was used to rouse the sleeping men.

In all seriousness, however, I am told that women are harder to awaken than men. This suggests that they sleep more soundly. It may be this which accounts for the observation that women can bear loss of sleep better, a generous provision of nature to assist in caring for children through infancy and childhood's illnesses.

The occupation which still persists in England of calling people in the morning by shooting peas against their window glass is not very efficient, although there is a distinct profession of these "getter-uppers" in London, who use pea-shooters for this sole purpose. P. T. Barnum, the American showman, knew much about the psychology of sleep. As a young man working in a Brooklyn grocery store, he found himself too lazy to get up as early as the proprietor wanted. So he arranged with a night watchman to pull a string which young Barnum left hanging out of his bedroom window—the upper end of the string was tied to Barnum's toes!

Since our skin sensations remain awake except in the most profound sleep, we must watch to keep our sleep from being disturbed by them. Night garments which leave the shoulders exposed to chill air make sleep lighter, because temperature sensitivity remains through practically all sleep. Night garments which are constricted at one point or another also disturb sleep. So do garments

which are made of any material which has a tendency to cling and wrap around one like the stripes on sticks of old-fashioned peppermint candy.

Since our temperature senses stay awake while we sleep, it is natural that cold feet keep people from going to sleep promptly, and even wake them up during the night. Around middle life, this may unknowingly cause sleep disturbances, due to the general decline in the circulation. Hot water bottles or flannel booties are not the thing to use. It is best to produce the warmth from the inside out, by stimulating the circulation. Rubbing briskly under hot and then cold water will often eliminate this little disturber.

If we could only get our skin sensations to go to sleep, beds which have lumps that press unevenly against our bodies (because sagging springs fold the upper side of the body and stretch the lower side), would cost us less loss of sleep. Watch for these, especially if your spring and mattress are more than five years old, and most especially if they were low-priced ones to start with.

A bed can be too warm, as well as too cold. Work not yet completed in the laboratory suggests that the best bedroom temperature is between 50 degrees and 60 degrees Fahrenheit. For the time being, this temperature range can be taken as a fair guide. It is easier to keep these optimum conditions in winter than in summer, unless air-conditioning is used in the home. The bed will be cooler in summer, though, if a hair mattress and cool linen sheets are used. The linen sheets will wear longer, as will any sheets, if one changes ends from week to week. Most wear comes where the sleeper's hips strike, which is above the middle of the sheet. By changing ends from week to week, this wear is distributed, and months are added to the life of the sheet. For one week put the wide hem at the head of the bed, the next week put the narrow hem at the head.

Our skin sensations are the last to go to sleep, but our stomach does not sleep at all. It just rests slightly. Three or four times each hour it contracts spasmodically from one end to the other in what is called a hunger pang. These pangs start as soon as the stomach is emptied, some four or five hours after a meal—at about the time adults go to bed. These spontaneous tugs of the stomach cause disturbances of sleep, just as real as those caused by a tug at the bed covers.

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A bedtime lunch of foods which will not cause digestive distress is helpful in improving sleep the first half of the night by postponing the hunger contractions. Crackers and milk, or corn flakes and milk are excellent, especially the cereal which can be eaten with less milk. The adult should be cautioned about the too-generous use of milk before retiring. Gastric secretions are both diminished and altered in sleep, and butyric fermentation in place of digestion occurs if much milk is ingested by adults. With children, of course, no caution should be followed regarding milk at bedtime except to see they have plenty.

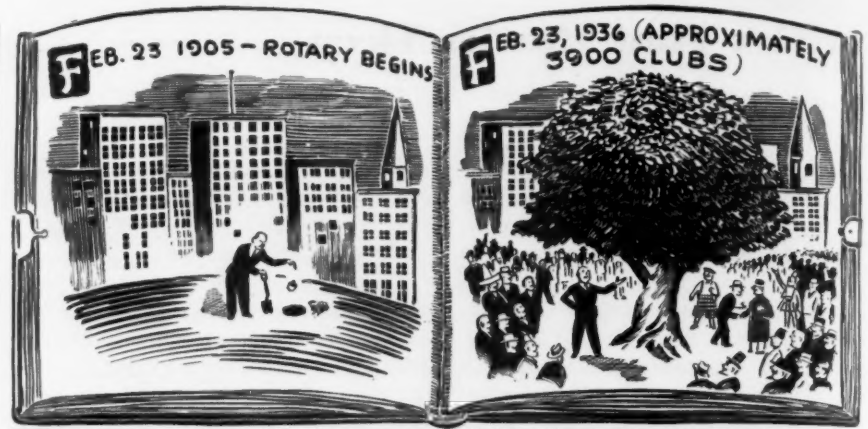
It is of interest to note that work at the University of Chicago shows that alcohol helps sleep the first half of the night, and ruins it the second half.

Everyone has observed the drowsy feelings after a heavy meal, which makes after-meal-time a good time to sleep, if foods have been eaten which are easily digested. The traditional German habit of taking a noon nap has recently been capitalized by a Berlin restaurant fitted with chairs which, at the touch of a button, can be converted into reclining chairs. To heighten the somnolent effect of the food, the restaurant has black draperies, and the waitresses are dressed in black silk blouses and knickers. Thus does Teutonic efficiency improve on the dining couch of the Romans.

One of nature's paradoxes is that fasting will also make one drowsy. The extremes meet, as many on a weight reduction diet testify as they yawn through an afternoon of bridge. To round out the paradox, we should note that overweight persons are also inclined to oversleep.

The most widespread and insidious disturber of sleep, however, is residual excitement from the previous day and evening. This left-over excitement is probably greater now than at any previous time in history. We are too "keyed up" during the day to relax when we go to bed, unless we learn how. The cares and joys that infest the day almost always tug at our pillows during the night and give poor sleep. As Columnist Walter Winchell yearned, if we could only sleep as soundly at night as we do when it is time to get up!

We can, by effort, learn to go to sleep at will. We have seen how John Wesley could sleep while making his pilgrimages on horseback. The poet Shelley and the Emperor Napoleon could also go to sleep at will, by using a sort of self-hypnosis. We can turn on sleep, as an electric light is turned on, but we can't do this until we rid ourselves of leftover excitement. We must turn off excitement and worry

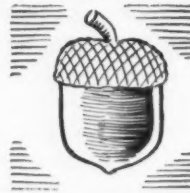


## Rotarian Almanack 1936

*One inch of joy surmounts of grief a span,  
Because to laugh is proper to the man.*

—Francis Rabelais in "To the Reader"

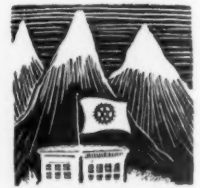
**February**  
—which now in leap  
year hath 29 days, deriveth its name from februa, a Roman feast.



There is an ancient commonplace, the truth of which it profiteth no man to deny, which well befitteth Rotary: "Large streams from little fountains flow. Tall oaks from little acorns grow." Thirty-one years ago four men brought in to being the first Rotary Club on this planet. Now there are about 165,000 Rotarians in 3,900 clubs.

—YE MAN WITH  
YE SCRATCHPAD.

- 2—Day on which Mr. Groundhog augurates the weather of the 6 weeks next coming.
- 5—1925, Guatemala's first Rotary Club organized at Guatemala City.
- 6—1924, Rotary's introduction to Bermuda effected with organization of Rotary Club of Hamilton.
- 7—1925, The Continental European office of Rotary International established at Zurich, Switzerland, under Special Commissioner Fred Warren Teele.
- 17—1934, King Albert of Belgium, an honorary Rotarian, died.
- 1931, Warsaw Rotary Club (Poland's first) formed.
- 20—1931, Rotary Club of Hong Kong, Hong Kong, organized.
- 22—1924, Calvin Coolidge, then president of the United States, felicitated the Rotary Club of Chicago on its 19th birthday in a radio address made from his study in the White House.
- 23—1905, First meeting of the world's first Rotary Club in Chicago.
- 27—1925, Winnipeg, Canada, held the first of its now annual international goodwill meetings.



before we can turn on restful sleep.

Dr. Nathaniel Kleitman, of the University of Chicago, has found that the surest way to keep awake is to tense muscles—which is something worth knowing in night driving or in some crisis that calls for alert action. There is more widespread need, however, for knowing and acting upon the complementary fact, that relaxation of both body and emotions is essential for going to sleep and for getting sound sleep.

There should be some mental preparation for sleeping, just as one has to get in the right frame of mind to write an unpleasant letter. It is as though we were to undress our heads in the same fashion that we undress our bodies for sleep.

The sleep of feeble-minded persons is unusually good, because their minds are pretty much undressed all the time. It is foolhardy for the average person to expect to go to sleep without calming down after an exciting evening. And I sometimes fear that bridge harms sleep more than good beds can ever counteract.

Poggio narrates the story of the Roman merchant who was heavily in debt and was being pressed by his creditors. "How can you sleep with such pressing debts?" he was asked. "The wonder is," he replied, "that my creditors can sleep!"

A few minutes of deep breathing in front of the opened bedroom window will work wonders to cool off both body

and mind. A tub bath, with water at from 98 degrees to 102 degrees Fahrenheit, staying quietly in the tub for five minutes or longer, will also help in eliminating residual excitement. If the excitement is accompanied by tenseness, so that one is fidgety or jumpy, the temperature of the water should be from 102 degrees to 108 degrees Fahrenheit. Use a thermometer to make certain of the right temperatures.

Don't take sedative drugs or those ending in "al"—if you really need these your physician is already directing you. What the average person needs is not medicine for these widespread slight sleep disturbances which come from within; he needs the better and more permanent medicine of self-control, of relaxing intentionally, of calming down, of putting aside the excitement of the day.

In other words, to get good sleep, stop thinking. Which may not be so easy for you to do at first as it is for a college freshman. Too much thinking, like Macbeth's guilt, readily murders sleep. Charles Darwin undermined his health by letting his thoughts keep him awake.

One price human beings pay for being intelligent and thoughtful is to have their sleep disturbed. Those who do have poor sleep are, to an extent, paying themselves the compliment of possessing good intelligence, but it is a left-handed compliment because anyone of average or good intelligence, who is free from neuroti-

cism, can learn how to turn off the excitement and go to sleep. It may take practice, but, as a rule, success is sure.

We can avoid some poor sleep by "letting down" before we are so tensed that it becomes a difficult task. We should rest before we are exhausted. Or, following the example of Chauncey Depew, we should make up lost sleep by taking a nap before we lose it.

Sleep *does* matter, and in more ways than we can imagine. While there may be a few persons who overindulge in sleep, they are exceptional persons indeed. The human failing, especially of the present generation, is on the side of poor sleep. We have developed poor sleeping habits and environments so gradually that we are seldom aware of what we are actually missing in refreshing mind and body. Having got so we can put up with things, we lull ourselves with a false feeling of security that the things may be all right.

I hope I have stirred up enough thinking so you will analyze your own personal sleeping habits, so you will develop above all else the fine skill of calming down in preparation for sleep. Get the best sleep you can—it may not be perfect, but it will be sleep, probably better than you have been used to before.

And you can join the millions in singing praises to those who invented sleep, "son of the sable Night . . . in silent darkness born."

## A Historian Looks at Rotary

[Continued from page 17]

This was one reason. The other reason must have been the character of the times. Some characteristic of the early 1900's, some hunger that period felt, must have been met and satisfied by Rotary. That formula—a man with an exceptional personality, and the relation of that man to the times he lives in—that formula explains most history. All history can be reduced to two factors. One is men with some exceptional quality, leaders; the other consists of forces at work in the world at the time. These two, the interaction of the two, accounts for everything.

I do not know how accurately I am stating the emotions and motives that led Mr. Harris to start his little club. I have built my theory on the facts I have found in the material on the early history of Rotary that was accessible to me when I began research. It may be that Mr. Harris' memory would recall somewhat differing impulses, or additional ones. But I am confident that, as respects the hundreds who later joined the original

club, and the tens of thousands who joined other Rotary Clubs in the larger cities throughout America, one motive at least was the homesickness of city men for the neighborliness they had known as youths in the villages and small towns whence they came. The particular condition that made America during the early 1900's receptive to Rotary, was the recent migration of large numbers of young men from the country to the city, the yearning in the city for some substitute for the easy and fondly-remembered gregariousness of the small town.

This explanation of one reason for the way Rotary took root may not seem convincing to the present generation of members, many of whom, I imagine, are city-born. But I think that if we could call the roll of the early members, in Chicago and elsewhere, we would find that many of them were country-born; that in the city they felt a little lonely and homesick, and chilled by the impersonality of city life, the sinking of the individual's personality in the crowd; and that one rea-



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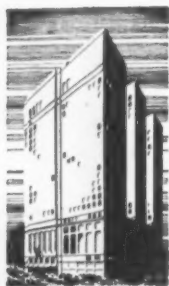
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son why they found pleasure and satisfaction in Rotary was the recollection it brought back of the social life they had enjoyed as youths in the country—neighborhood parties, spelling-bees in country schools, and "church sociables," a rural institution now, I think, almost extinct. Many an early Rotarian, I suspect, liked the group singing at Rotary luncheons because it reminded him of the hymn-singing at mid-week prayer-meetings in what he fondly called "back home."

But we must find the reasons why Rotary grew, and expanded into a national network of clubs, and why it took on the international character the institution came to have. That first Rotary unit in Chicago might have been a mere club of the old coffee-shop type, wholly social, rather exclusive and in-growing. For the fact that it did not become this, doubtless some individual was responsible—there is always an individual. There was such an individual within the organization, Mr. Harris; and doubtless some of his associates, too, contributed to the qualities that made Rotary grow and expand and generate yeast, which carried elsewhere, caused more Rotaries to spring up. But there was also, I think, an individual outside of Rotary.

What I am about to say may seem far-fetched; but I suspect that Theodore Roosevelt was a partial cause of the spread of Rotary, and of the spirit it took on, as he was a cause and stimulant to so many things that were fine in America during the years of his ascendancy in the public thought. I use Theodore Roosevelt as the symbol of a force. He may never have been a member of Rotary—about that I do not know. I knew him very well, and I know Rotary would have appealed to him had his circumstances happened to qualify him for membership.

But it is not any direct and personal relation of Theodore Roosevelt to Rotary that I am speaking of. What I am trying to say is that Theodore Roosevelt was the symbol of, and largely himself created, a spirit in the national life which, flowering about the time Rotary began, made Rotary kin to the age.

Theodore Roosevelt caused the early 1900's, the period from the turn of the century until the beginning of the Great War, to be a time in which America turned with almost passionate earnestness to projects for service to the common man. For the 12 or 15 years that this wave of idealism lasted, people everywhere had their minds set on the bringing of a better day to America. They were aggressive about it, and determined.

There may be room here for speculation about cause and effect—whether Ro-

tary, instinctively sharing the trend of the times, adopted its rôle of service and civic uplift—or whether the impulse toward community betterment was latent in Rotary and would have come to fruition sooner or later, independently of the public mood. I think that probably the spirit of service was latent in Rotary. Yet it is quite possible that had the start of Rotary been attempted 10 years before Theodore Roosevelt was President, the soil, the atmosphere of the earlier time, might not have evoked the spirit of service, and Rotary might have taken a different path.

IN yet another way, Theodore Roosevelt may have helped to make the growth of Rotary possible. In the cities, preceding and about 1900, a young man with an impulse toward participation in civic affairs, was apt to be repelled by the politics of the time. Certainly, a young man who would naturally join Rotary would not have been a young man who would naturally join one of the city political machines of the early 1900's. Politics everywhere was in the hands of the "bosses." The general disillusion and distaste for public affairs in the sense that public affairs means politics, found expression in such works as Booth Tarkington's *The Gentleman from Indiana*, the writing of Brand Whitlock, and in innumerable articles, stories, and plays.

Among the charges brought against the political system, in addition to corruption, were that it was too inflexible, that it did not do all the things a government should do, that it did not attract good men, that it was easily subject to sordid control. But the attitude was not one of complete discouragement. The people were ready and willing to fight and needed only a leader. When Theodore Roosevelt came along they massed behind him, determined to, as Roosevelt put it, "make America a better place for all of us."

Into the national spirit that Roosevelt created, Rotary fitted like the meshing of gears into each other, its platform of civic improvement and its membership of energetic and disinterested men of affairs a vehicle for bringing a better tone to community life, a bridge between the communities and the quasi-governmental functions which local governments had until then neglected. Men who felt distaste for the associations of politics and political machines could, through Rotary, participate in civic affairs high-mindedly and cleanly; and could work toward objectives of civic good which ought to have been the concern of politics but were not.

Another aspect of life, new in the early 1900's, that made the time receptive to



Rotary, was relaxation of economic pressure. Before about 1905, men active in business or the professions, and every one else in the United States except the very rich, gave themselves so completely to their work that they had little time or energy left for other than utilitarian interests. Work-hours in office, shop, consulting room were long; competition keen, money scarce and hard to get; and it was necessary for the average man to expend nearly all of his nervous force and energy just in keeping his head above water and providing a decent living for his family and education for his children.

Not until about 1905 did the custom of taking vacations in Summer gain a foothold in the nation's habits—Winter trips to Florida or California were then still the prerogatives of the very rich and were regarded, by the rest of us, as tainted with a vague wickedness of waste or self-indulgence.

What the coming of Summer vacations signalized was, fundamentally, widespread economic improvement; without that, vacations at any time would have been out of the question. Economic improvement brought in its train the sense of relaxing tension, later the boon of leisure. It was now possible for the first time in the world's history for the average man to get out of life some of the pleasures and satisfactions formerly open only to the wealthy, and also to turn his thoughts to interests apart from the business of making a living.

Symbolic of the opportunities the new status presented, and also an example whom men of all sorts were eager to follow, was Theodore Roosevelt. Not the least of this man's services to his fellow-Americans was that, with his strenuous hunting trips, his tennis and horseback riding, his cross-country walking jaunts, his idyllic life at Sagamore Hill, he made it respectable for men to possess interests outside business or professional pails.

**T**HESE factors in the America of 1905 and thereabouts gave to men both the ease and the encouragement of interests outside of business, which made conditions favor the growth of institutions like Rotary.

It seems to me that the roots and the early evolution of Rotary, in the hearts and minds of those who joined it, can be stated thus: it began with emotions of loneliness, a homesickness for fellowship. The next stage consisted of sentiments of fraternity and neighborliness. These achieved, Rotary turned to service to the larger community.

In the earlier years, a part of the spirit of Rotary expressed itself in mutual help-

fulness in business. In this there was a suggestion of the guilds of the middle ages and later. The guilds were unions of the best practitioners of the business, or craft, or profession that the guild represented. In Rotary the system is that in each town the club takes in one leader from each business and profession. This Rotary basis of membership seems to me more admirable than that which the old guilds practiced. Pride of calling was a characteristic which the guilds fostered, and it gave tonic and elevation to the period in which they flourished.

But pride of calling, and ambition for eminence in one's calling, is even more greatly fostered by the Rotary basis of membership. It is sometimes said that the early purpose of the business and professional aspect of Rotary membership was profit, the exchange of ideas useful in business, a disposition of members to trade with each other. If that had a place in the group of motives that caused men to seek association in Rotary, it was not the leading one. The business motive alone could never have nourished Rotary to the growth it came to have. There were thousands of trade associations, but only one Rotary. Decidedly I think it was the side of men that is not business, the human gregariousness and the aspiration toward altruism, that made Rotary unique and caused it to endure and grow.

If you ask me for suggestions, I make this one: Rotary should be even more proud of itself than it is. Rotary should be even more confident of itself, and more aggressive and self-assertive. There arose in America some 12 or 15 years ago, about the time Sinclair Lewis wrote his story *Babbitt*, a school of thought, expressing itself in novels and magazines, on the stage, and to some extent in colleges, which liked to jeer at anything indigenous. The more indigenous and homely and rooted in our common sentiments, the more did the cynics jeer at it. That school of iconoclasm, of so-called "intellectuals," grew to have much influence on thought. But the vogue of it has largely passed. Nothing so cynical and destructive could possibly endure. While it lasted, it made Rotary one of the targets of its cynicism.

I do not know how Rotarians felt about the attacks; but my own feeling at the time was that Rotary should stiffen its sinews, not to fight back, but to extend its influence. In a world when many standards are changing and others under doubt, when many do not know to what they can safely attach the tentacles of their faiths, I can think of nothing more stable or more worthy than Rotary to serve as an anchorage.



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## Helps for the Club Program Makers

The following references have been selected to save the time of the program speaker. Specific outlines for programs suggested in Form 251 (listed here by weeks) can be obtained on request from the Secretariat of Rotary International.

...

### THIRD WEEK (FEBRUARY)—Practical Club Service in Other Countries (International Service)

From THE ROTARIAN—

Mrs. Smith on "Service." Evelyn Emmett. This issue, page 26.

Refer to Rotary Round the World Department of the recent issues of THE ROTARIAN for specific items relating to Club Service in other countries.

### FOURTH WEEK (FEBRUARY)—Thirty-first Anniversary Program

From THE ROTARIAN—

A Historian Looks at Rotary. Mark Sullivan. This issue, page 16.

Paul Harris' New Book—A Review. William Lyon Phelps. Dec., 1935.

Rotary Anniversary—Some Historical Highlights. Feb., 1929.

Page from Rotary History. Chesley R. Perry. Feb., 1931.

A Few Rotary Firsts. Feb., 1931.

Road I Have Travelled. Paul Harris. Feb., 1934.

Rotary Is Thirty Years Old. Paul P. Harris. Feb., 1935.

Pamphlets and Papers—

—From the Secretariat of Rotary International "International Friendship" outlines for four programs and suggestions for three others on this theme.—No. 404 Many Happy Returns!—Program Suggestion for Rotary's Anniversary.

Books—

This Rotarian Age. Paul Harris. Rotary International, Chicago, Ill., \$1.50.

Rotary? (University of Chicago Survey). Chicago Rotary Club, Hotel Sherman, \$4.00.

### FIRST WEEK (MARCH)—Rotary Questions and Answers (Club Service)

—Write to the Secretariat of Rotary International.

### SECOND WEEK (MARCH)—Unemployment (Vocational Service)

From THE ROTARIAN—

The Challenge: More Workers Than Jobs. Albin E. Johnson. This issue, page 23.

Jobless Youth—A World-Wide Problem. Albin E. Johnson. Jan., 1936.

England Sees It Through. Harold Callender. Feb., 1934.

Britain's New Deal. Stephen King-Hall. June, 1935.

You and Those You Hire—(Plans of U.S. firms for spreading employment.) Norman Haggood. Nov., 1935.

Social Insurance Symposium, by H. Butler, F. Perkins, and V. Jordan. Feb., 1935.

Permanent Unemployment. Saturday Evening Post, Feb. 2, 1935.

Road to Destitution: Why Twenty Million Need Relief. Harper's, June, 1935.

Britain's Care of the Jobless. A. Hewes. Current History, Dec., 1934.

Pamphlets and Papers—

—From the Secretariat of Rotary International —Rotary Service to Unemployed Youth, No.

698; Suggestions for Program on Unemployment, No. 587.

Books—

Executive Guidance in Industrial Relations. (Giving specific examples of industry's efforts to make employment secure). C. C. Balderston. Univ. of Pa. Press, \$3.75.

### Other Suggestions for Club Programs

#### A GOOD NIGHT'S REST (Health)

From THE ROTARIAN—

Trifles That Murder Sleep. Donald Laird. This issue, page 9.

Other Magazines—

Did You Sleep Well? Donald A. Laird. Review of Reviews, Feb., 1935.

Effect of Study and Physical Exercise on Your Child's Sleep. Hygeia, Sept., 1934. Sleep and College Success. W. H. Eddy. Good Housekeeping, Mar., 1933.

Sleep. Fortune Magazine, Sept., 1934; reprinted in Reader's Digest, Nov., 1934.

Putting Insomnia to Work. M. Fishback. Good Housekeeping, Nov., 1933.

Stop Counting Sheep. R. F. Wadsworth. Collier's, June 23, 1934.

Rest. C. F. Floyd. Canadian Bookman, Feb., 1933.

Lesson on Sleep. Good Housekeeping, Sept., 1935.

Truth About Sleep. J. W. Ephraim. American Mercury, June, 1935.

How Long Do You Sleep? American Magazine, Dec., 1935.

Books—

Take It Easy. W. B. Pitkin. Simon and Schuster, N. Y., \$1.75.

More Zest for Life. Donald A. Laird. McGraw-Hill, N. Y., \$2.50.

### POST DEPRESSION PHILOSOPHY (Conduct of Life)

From THE ROTARIAN—

Scenes Shift: The Play Goes On! Bruce Barton. This issue, page 6.

Let's All Be Ourselves. Meredith Nicholson. Nov., 1933.

What Is the Promise of Modern Life? F. Crowder, Aug., 1934.

New Times . . . New Thinking. W. B. Pitkin. Mar., 1935.

Living Simply. S. Gillilan. Aug., 1935.

Other Magazines—

Doing It Together. Portia Howe Sperry. Woman's Home Companion, Oct., 1934; Reprinted in Reader's Digest, Nov., 1934.

How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day. Arnold Bennett.—Condensed in Reader's Digest, Dec., 1934.

### PRESERVING AMERICAN HISTORY (Convention at Atlantic City, 1936)

From THE ROTARIAN—

Silks Rustle in Williamsburg Again. Leland D. Case. This issue, page 32.

Other Magazines—

Mr. Rockefeller's \$14,000,000 Idyl. Fortune, July, 1935.

Colonial Williamsburg Is Restored. Eva Noble. Holland's, The Magazine of the South, Sept., 1935.

The New-Old Charm of Williamsburg (with color sketches). Chesla Sherlock. Ladies' Home Journal, Oct., 1931.

Williamsburg Restored. Grace Hegger Lewis. Vogue, Sept. 15, 1935; reprinted in Reader's Digest, Nov., 1935.

**Rebirth of a City.** Kenneth Chorley. *Review of Reviews*, Dec., 1934.

**Pamphlets—**

**Raleigh Tavern; The Capitol; Governor's Palace; Williamsburg Restoration**—a set of pamphlets published by Colonial Williamsburg, Inc., Williamsburg, Va.

**Books—**

**A Williamsburg Scrapbook.** Dietz Printing Co., Richmond, Va., \$2.

**Williamsburg in Virginia** (a unique, leather bound volume in 17th Century style.) August Dietz & Son, Richmond, Va., \$1.60.

**MOVIES AND THEIR INFLUENCE**  
(Community Service)

**From THE ROTARIAN—**

**Three Views on Movies and the Public.** Dr. Luciano de Feo, Arthur W. Bailey, Ned E. Depinet. This issue, page 37.

**Other Magazines—**

**Helping Youth to Choose Better Movies.** *Parents' Magazine*, April, 1934.

**New Convention to Facilitate International Circulation of Movie Films.** *School and Society*, Mar. 17, 1934.

**Brief for Hollywood.** R. Hughes. *Saturday Evening Post*, Mar. 3, 1934.

**Good Movies Pay.** *Christian Century*, June 27, 1934.

**Minds Made by the Movies.** A. Kellogg. *Survey Graphic*, May, 1933.

**Effect of Motion Pictures on School Children.** *Elementary School Journal*, Oct., 1933.

**How to Get Better Movies for Your Children.** F. Eastman. *Parents' Magazine*, Mar., 1934.

**Moral War in Hollywood.** J. C. Furnas. *Fortnightly*, Jan., 1935.

**Panic Over Hollywood.** A. M. Pringle. *American Magazine*, Oct., 1934.

**What's to Be Done with the Movies?** Fred Eastman. *The Christian Century*, Jan.-Feb., 1930.

**Behind Your Movie Diet.** William E. Berchtold. *Reader's Digest*, Jan., 1935.

**Battle at the Box Office.** *Cellier's*, Aug. 11, 1934.

**Dream Factory.** J. Rorty. *Forum*, Sept., 1935.

**Reformers Look Back on First Year and Find It Good.** *Newsweek*, Aug. 17, 1935.

**Mickey vs. Popeye.** W. DeMille. *Forum*, Nov., 1935.

**What Is Love? Is It What We See in the Movies?** C. Danc. *Forum*, Dec., 1935.

**Why Hollywood Goes Wrong.** Arthur L. Mayer. *Liberty*, July 21, 1934; Reprinted in *Reader's Digest*, Oct., 1934.

**Early Days in the Movies.** Rupert Hughes. *Saturday Evening Post*, Apr. 6, 1935.

**Pamphlets—**

—For pamphlet material write also to Motion Picture Research Council, 366 Madison Avenue, Washington, D. C.

**A Motion Picture Study Program.** Alice Ames Winter and Alice Evans Field. Edited from office of Mrs. Thomas G. Winter, Association of Motion Picture Producers, Hollywood, Cal.

**Selected Motion Pictures (by month).** Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America, 28 W. 44th Street, New York.

**Books—**

**How to Appreciate Motion Pictures.** Edgar Dale. Macmillan, N. Y., \$1.20.

**Our Movie Made Children.** H. J. Forman. Macmillan, N. Y., \$2.50.

**Movie Delinquency and Crime.** Herbert Blumer and Philip M. Hauser. Macmillan, N. Y., \$1.50.

**Movies on Trial**—a symposium compiled by William J. Perlman. Macmillan, \$2.50.

**Motion Pictures and the Social Attitude of Children.** Ruth C. Peterson and L. I. Thurstone. Macmillan, N. Y., \$1.50.

**The Educational Talking Picture.** Frederick L. Devereux and Collaborators. University of Chicago Press, \$2.

**The Motion Picture Industry.** Howard T. Lewis. D. Van Nostrand Co., Inc., \$4.

**A CHANCE FOR YOUTH (Youth Service)**

**From THE ROTARIAN—**

**Jobs Behind the News.** Walter B. Pitkin. This issue, page 30. (See also other articles on jobs for youth by Walter B. Pitkin starting in April, 1935.)

**Other Magazines—**

**Ideas Get the Job.** *Review of Reviews*, Jan., 1935.

**Books—**

**Turn Your Imagination Into Money.** Ray Giles. Harpers, N. Y., \$2.50.

**Youth's Work in the New World.** T. Otto Nall. Association Press, N. Y., \$1.75.

**Careers Ahead.** Joseph Cottler and Harold W. Brecht. Little, N. Y., \$2.50.

**Your Job: How to Get It and How to Keep It.** Robert Otis Pickard. Dodd, Mead, N. Y., \$1.75.

**The Choice of an Occupation.** Published by Yale University, New Haven, Conn., \$3.00; paper cover, \$2.00.

**Book of Opportunities.** Rutherford Platt, G. P. Putnam's Sons, N. Y., \$3.00.

**Occupations and Vocational Guidance**—source list of pamphlet material. H. W. Wilson Co., N. Y., \$1.25.

**Pamphlets and Papers—**

—From the Secretariat of Rotary International—Suggestions for a program on Youth Service, No. 697; Panel Discussion on Problems of Youth, No. 698A; The Voice of Youth, No. 698B.

**PHILIPPINE ISLANDS (International Service)**

**From THE ROTARIAN—**

**A New Nation Is Born.** Carlos P. Romulo. This issue, page 21.

**The Philippine Panorama.** Lillian Dow Davidson. Oct., 1932.

**The Ever-Romantic Philippines.** James King Steele. Dec., 1934.

**Sixth Object Works in Manila.** Roy G. Bennett. Jan., 1935.

**Behold, There Came a Leper.** Alva J. Hill. (Iloilo, P. I. Rotary Club's work in behalf of lepers.) Jan., 1934.

**Talking Over Pacific Problems.** April, 1934.

**Other Magazines—**

**Philippine Commonwealth.** *Commonweal*, Nov., 1935.

**Philippines Start Out as a Nation.** *Literary Digest*, Nov. 23, 1935.

**High Commissioner to Manila.** B. Moody. *Survey Graphic*, Dec., 1935.

**Books—**

**Independence for the Philippines.** Eleanor Ball. H. W. Wilson Co., N. Y., 90c.

**Philippines, Past and Present.** Dean Conant Worcester. Macmillan, N. Y., \$6.

**The Philippine Republic.** L. H. Fernandez. Columbia Univ. Press, \$3.75.

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Left to right: Contributors Bacher, Baillod, Depinet, Bailey, Sullivan, Barton.

## Chats on Contributors

TO READERS of magazines, names of several authors in the February ROTARIAN are not unknown. . . **Bruce Barton**, *Scenes Shift: The Play Goes On!*, is equally famed as a contributor to periodicals, an author of books, and board chairman of Batten, Barton, Durstine, and Osborne, advertising agents. He has within recent months addressed Rotary Clubs at Brooklyn, N. Y., and Lancaster, Pa. . . **Mark Sullivan**, *A Historian Looks at Rotary*, has long been commenting on events for newspaper readers. In 1926, he completed *The Turn of the Century*, first of a series of six volumes on *Our Times*. The latest is *The Twenties*—notes on the contemporary scene in America.



Photo: Wide World

**Carlos P. Romulo**

Channing Pollock, *As the Greatest Only Are*, once hoped out loud that he would "never produce another play without social purpose." The next year he produced *The Fool* which made the greatest "hit" of the decade. An 8-hour-day writer, Mr. Pollock shows no sign of letting up. At 53, he outlined his future: "20 more years of hard work, and I shall be ashamed if it isn't the best work I've ever done." . . . A descendant of that aristocracy which the Mayflower carried to America, **Irving Bacher**, *A Son of Heaven*, had a stern tradition of accomplishment to spur him. His work with New York newspapers, his trusteeships of St. Lawrence University and Rollins College, and various other positions haven't kept him from writing—26 books!

**Carlos P. Romulo**, *A New Nation Is Born*, is 36, president of the Manila Rotary Club, and the editor-publisher of four newspapers. Two of them are in English, one in Spanish, and one in Tagalog. He took his M.A. at Columbia University, and only a few weeks ago at Notre Dame University, President Roosevelt and he were given honorary doctor's degrees. . . **Donald A. Laird**, *Trifles That Murder Sleep*, is an apostle of the creed that science is not much good unless it is used for something practical. His books which include *Why We Don't Like People* and *Psychology and Profits* are working manuals of his theory. One wonders whether he has much of an opportunity to apply his sound sleep formulae, for he is currently producing three more books. Dr. Laird directs the psychological laboratory at Colgate University, where he has made a study of sleep.

A native of Kansas, a rover since he wore knee pants, a well-known figure in European capitals is **Albin E. Johnson**, *The Challenge: More Workers Than Jobs*. For many years, he—known to intimates as "Jack"—has represented newspapers in America and the Orient at Geneva. On a recent visit to the United States, he spoke to several Rotary Clubs, as he has in other parts of the globe. . . **Leland D. Case**, *Silks Rustle in Williamsburg Again*, is editor of THE ROTARIAN. He acknowledges deep indebtedness to Williamsburg Rotarians Kenneth Chorley, who is president of Colonial Williamsburg, Inc., Vernon Geddy, and B. W. Norton, for aid given in preparing the story. . . **Evelyn T. Emmett**, *Mrs. Smith on 'Service'*, is a Rotarian, and at the present time holds the position of State Tourist Director at Hobart, Tasmania, Australia.

Readers of THE ROTARIAN need no introduction to **Walter B. Pitkin**, *Jobs Behind the News*. This is the eleventh installment in his series on careers for young job seekers. He is a prolific author (his latest book: *Take It Easy*), a professor of journalism at Columbia University, and big-scale farmer. He has lived richly—cook, cattle boss, factory hand, interpreter, printer, junkman, cinema executive. . . **Paul Baillod's** article, *Rotary Works for the Future*, is excerpted from a speech he gave at the Regional Conference of Rotarians held at Venice last September. He is a prominent Swiss lawyer. Rotary knows of him through his service as a District Governor and committeeman. He makes his home at Neuchâtel. . . **Ken Binns**, *Not for the Faint-Hearted*, is a Seattle, Wash., newspaperman.

The symposium-of-the-month brings to bear on the question of *Movies and the Public* three distinguished contributors with widely varying backgrounds. . . **Arthur W. Bailey**, a Past President of the Rotary Club of Winsted, Conn. is pastor of the First Congregational Church of that city. He has been a student of the social effects of movies for 25 years. His hobby is "liking people." . . Widely known throughout Europe as a scholar is **Dr. Luciano de Feo**. He is director of the International Educational Cinematographic Institute which, though an outgrowth of the League of Nations, makes its headquarters at Rome. He is also editor of *Internecine*, an international movie magazine. . . **Ned E. Depinet** has been in the cinema industry since he graduated from high school in Erie, Pa. For several years prior to moving to New York, he was a Rotarian at Dallas, Tex. In New York he has held the positions of general manager of First National Pictures, vice president and general sales manager of Pathé, and, before assuming the presidency of the organization in 1934, vice president in charge of distribution of RKO Distributing Corporation.

# When Doctors "Feel Rotten" —This Is What They Do!



**ARTIE MCGOVERN**

Formerly Director of New York Physician's Club, National Amateur Champion Boxer at 16! Learned science of training in prize ring days, but realized, after opening first gym, he should know more about workings of human body. So he studied at Cornell University Medical Clinic, where he was also physical director for 8 years.

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These doctors are too wise to fall for work-outs that leave the "patient" gasping, dizzy, exhausted, the kind of exercise that does more harm than good. And not only doctors have benefited by McGovern's safe, sane methods. Among the nationally known people who have used them are: Grover Whalen, Walter

Lippmann, Roxy, Vincent Richards, Babe Ruth, Gene Sarazen, Rube Goldberg, Frank Sullivan, Paul Whiteman, Issac Marcossion.

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Here is a book of unvarnished truth about your body, your health, your living habits. It shows the ONE safe way to control weight (the way doctors and athletes do); how to eliminate nervousness, sleeplessness; how to correct constipation without laxatives; how to tone-up your entire system, and build reserve vitality to resist sickness. And all with simple, easy exercises you can do at home—without apparatus!

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The exercise shown above (which may be done while you are lying in bed), is one of the best you can do! On the other hand, such stunts as bending over and touching your feet with your hands are some of the worst you can do—on a par with trick food fads and crazy diets. McGovern's book shows you how to keep fit without such drudgery or exhausting exercise!

Artie McGovern doesn't make you give up smoking, cocktails, juggle calories or vitamins. He has no pills, trick reducing salts, tonics or apparatus to sell you. His famous Method is based upon sound scientific principles; the result of 20 years' experience in planning physical culture programs for people in all walks of life. Thousands have paid up to \$500 for the McGovern course—now so clearly described and illustrated in this great new book, "The Secret of Keeping Fit"—the very same method relied upon by thousands of doctors and men important in public life.

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